

THE MIRROR OF TASTE,

AND

DRAMATIC CENSOR.

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HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

ACCOUNT OF ROSCIUS.—NERO—CONCLUSION OF THE ROMAN
STAGE.

ROSCIUS not only had the power of pleasing on the stage more than any actor of antiquity; but as a man seems to have been more estimable than any other person of his day. The greatest personages of his time delighted in his company and were proud of being ranked among his friends; while such as survived him underwent the most profound sorrow for his death: and as if they were anxious to exceed each other in posthumous praise, and testimony to his personal worth, have poured forth the most enthusiastic tributes of love and esteem to his memory. Though his person was not free from imperfections, and his eyes were distorted by nature, his transcendent powers so far countervailed those defects, that the Romans compelled him to act without a mask, in order that they might the better hear his elegant pronunciation, contemplate his physiognomical expression, and be delighted with the melody of his voice and the harmony of his periods. And *Catullus* has even compared his person to the refulgent beauty of the sun. Horace, in an epistle to Augustus, has bestowed upon him the epithet of *learned*,

Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.

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And Cicero omitted no opportunity to praise him when living and eulogize him when dead. "Who is he among us," said that great orator, "so hardened and unfeeling as not to be profoundly affected by the death of Roscius?"

In his various discourses and observations upon the qualities of a true orator, Cicero constantly adverts for an illustration to his beloved friend and instructor, Roscius; and exemplifies his positions by a reference to the action and delivery of that extraordinary man. In his first book, *De Oratore*, after having summed up the excellences of an orator, he remarks, that Roscius was so very perfect that any person who greatly excelled in any art was called a Roscius. His words are these, "Itaque ut ad hanc similitudinem hujus histrionis oratoriam, laudem dirigamus, vidistine, quam nihil ab eo nisi perfecte, nihil nisi cum summa venustate fiat, nihil nisi ita ut deceat, et uti omnes moveat, atque delectet? Itaque hoc jamdiu est consecutus, ut in quo quisque artificio excelleret, est in suo genere ROSCIUS diceretur." Cic. de Oratore, L. I. 26. Nay, this opinion was so far and universally extended that his name was converted into an adjective in Rome, and ever after Roscianus, Rosciana, or Roscianum, was applied to any person or thing intended to be described as superlatively excellent.

In a letter to his brother Quintus, too, Cicero says, "Voluisti enim in suo genere unumquemque nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium." In a word, as it would be endless to quote the multitude of tributary passages to the fame of Roscius, which are scattered through the Roman authors, and as enough has already been shown to prove the title of this illustrious personage to the first rank of fame, both as an actor and a man, we shall conclude our remarks upon him with the recital of a very singular circumstance belonging to his infancy, which Cicero has left recorded in his celebrated Treatise on Divination. Cicero relates, that as Roscius lay asleep in his cradle his nurse perceived him enfolded in the embrace of a serpent, at which she screamed out with horror, and that the father on coming in and seeing the thing, repaired to the haruspices, or soothsayers, who declared that nothing on earth could be more illustrious, nothing more noble than that boy. This anecdote appears so extraordinary that many readers will be disposed to consider it as a fable; to preclude all

doubt of its authenticity, therefore, we subjoin it in Tully's own words.

“ Quid amores ac deliciæ tuæ Roscius ? Num aut ipse, aut pro eo Lanuvium totum mentiebatur ? qui cum esset in cunabulis, educareturque in Solonio, qui est campus agri Lanuvini ; noctu lumine apposito, experfecta nutrix animadvertit puerum dormientem circumplicatum serpentis amplexu. Quo adpectu, clamorem sustulit. Pater autem Roscii ad haruspices retulit, qui responderunt. “ Nihil illo puero clarius, nihil nobilius fore.” *Cicero de Divinatione, Lib. I. 36.*

Æsop was not only a grossly sensual voluptuary, but so sad a profligate that when in his old age he was so imprudent as to yield to the instigations of vanity and appear upon the stage, he was treated with contempt by the people. Roscius was neither a sensualist nor a profligate, though he lies under the imputation of having joined Sylla in some of his vicious frolics : nor was the renown of his best days ever impaired by the imbecility of his old age ; for even in his decline he was like the luminary to which Catullus compared him in its setting, still glorious to the last, though he lived to the age of eighty-one years. At his death his wealth was immense. His emoluments from acting were very great—he made vast sums by the tuition of pupils, continued to labour in his profession till he was far advanced in age, and was neither vicious nor extravagant ; even the frolics with Sylla which are laid to his charge, were in all probability rather sacrifices made to his interest, than indulgences of his taste. As he taught acting and elocution to the highest patri-cians he must from that source alone have drawn immense sums of money ; for his powers were so astonishing that there was no sum he could demand which any man who aspired to public oratory would refuse, if he were able to pay it.

While employed on this topic we cannot refrain from declaring that experience has considerably moderated our credulity in the accounts which the admirers of great men in all ages of the world have given of them. When description once trenches upon the marvellous, no matter who gives it, we lack faith to digest it. Roscius has had his unlimited idolaters, so had Betterton, so had Garrick—and so at this day has even Kemble. We own that our appetite for those delicious wonders

was at one time so insatiable that when the zealots in the Garrick creed dished up their toughest miracles, we longed for more, and thought those who wrote them were cold-blooded niggards in eulogy; but as one fever is said to drive out another, so the admiration with which people regard some actors of the present day has operated as a damper upon our belief, and led us to review our forgone opinions with a more critical eye, and to deem of men's powers with a more sober reference to probability. We are gravely told that Roscius rendered one of Cicero's orations not only perfectly intelligible, but highly interesting by gesture alone. Of the miracles related respecting Garrick we shall have to speak in another place. At present suffice it to say that in both cases, the relations transgress probability, and indeed seem to us to violate the course of nature itself. That they were both great men we admit—but we will not go all the way with those who would make them more than human.

While we are compelled by the high authorities from which we receive the accounts, to believe that the Roman actors were very great in their way, it is difficult to imagine how they could produce the effects attributed to them, considering the great disadvantages they laboured under, from the strange mediums through which they were accustomed in the Roman theatres to deliver their representations to the public. If it be true, and it is related as a fact, that one actor spoke while another accompanied the speech with appropriate action, how could Æsop or Roscius contrive to produce such astonishing effects as are ascribed to them? Their theatres contained some of them fifty and some a hundred thousand spectators; how could the voice, with all the nice inflections necessary to the production of such exquisite effects, be distinctly heard in all parts of so large a place of assembly. It would appear as if ordinary muscular gesticulation was considered so inadequate to express the passions in them, that the actors were obliged to wear enormous masks which admitted none of those variations of expression necessary to depict the internal movements of the soul; one side being made to express joy and the other grief, without any of the intermediate transitions.

Too much of the exertions of genius and of the labours of the learned have been mispent in investigating points which, from

their very nature must eternally elude inquiry, and in solving problems the solution of which, if attainable, would not be worth the pursuit. On this one subject of the masks of the ancients, erudition has toiled and ingenuity exhausted its store of conjecture in vain. Some have maintained that the actors were raised upon stilts; and that in order to symetrize the whole appearance of their persons, the mask was made to cover the head and shoulders, enlarging both. If this conjecture were true, the actor's figure must be still more extravagantly disproportioned by it, since while the legs were lengthened, the arms would be left ridiculously short. Others contended that the mask jutted out convexedly from the face, and thereby with the addition of the helmet enlarged the appearance of the head. But this is equally absurd as the former, and for the very same reasons. In either case the figure of the actor must have been absurd, ridiculous and disgusting.

Whatever the expedients may have been to which the Roman actors had recourse to augment their expression, they must have been complete deviations from nature, and perfectly irreconcilable to the character which uniform tradition has given us of the acting of Roscius, whose expression, particularly in pantomimes, was such as nothing but the naked features of the face could exhibit. It has been supposed by some, and the conjecture is more plausible than any other we meet respecting the masks, that they were made of some material of such extreme tenuity that they clung closely to the skin, leaving the various inflexions of the muscles of the face visible. That on these, features suited to the character, were artfully delineated, and that by this means the actor's face was never so perfectly visible as to confound him with the character he represented. In this way the age of the actor interfered in no respect with his performances, being so completely hidden, that not only a young man might perform an old character, but an aged one play a youth, and the ugliest person in the theatre figure away in characters to the representation of which beauty was necessary. This conception is rendered less improbable by the fact related by Pliny, that there was an actress in his time who performed elegant parts in comedy at the age of a hundred years.

Of all such expedients, however, the best must have been disagreeable and unnatural, and utterly incapable of producing any perfect expression. And though many historians and antiquaries agree in asserting that those masks produced an astonishing effect, we cannot believe nor imagine it practicable. Instead of considering their authority as historians sufficient to warrant our belief of such an improbability, we think that their asserting it impairs their authority, and that the far greater part of what has been said respecting the Roman masks, may fairly be ranked with a multitude of other stories which reduce ancient history nearly to a level with a tolerably written novel or tale. Let any person who has seen the performances of modern actors imagine what a hideous, frightful, and monstrous appearance an actor would make, if instead of coming on as they now do, he were to appear raised upon stilts, his whole head and shoulders covered with an enormous mask, having the face extended to a gigantic size, and marked with strong grotesque lines; or on the other hand what a ludicrous, or rather preposterous effect his acting would produce if his face were patched up with a mask of thin stuff painted all over, with apertures for the eyes, mouth, ears and nostrils—let him imagine all this and then determine what degree of credit is due to the historians who have described such things, and vouched for the excellence of their effects in acting.

It would be doing injustice to the subject of Roman acting if we were to omit the actor royal of Rome, Nero. That frantic and profligate monster while emperor of Rome, aspired to the reputation of a singer and actor; and as if he were fated to bring ruin on every thing he touched, degraded the dramatic taste, and accelerated the fall of the theatre. Utterly destitute of talents as a poet, a player, or a musician, he went upon the stage and appeared in every kind of character, even the meanest. His voice being hoarse, rough and inharmonious, he had recourse to fasting in order to mend it, reduced the quantity of his food generally, and on great occasions passed whole days without eating. Thus qualified, he started as a candidate for fame, and exercised the most abominable cruelties, not only on the performers who excelled him, but on any of the auditors who

failed to proclaim his superiority : wherever he went, therefore, he was sure of such applause as the fears of the people and the edge of the sword could extort. While he performed, no one was permitted to leave the theatre ; and to exhibit the least token of disapprobation was followed with instant death. One unfortunate singer who was vain and imprudent enough to exert his abilities to the uttermost, so pleased the people that they could not help expressing their satisfaction—Nero ordered him to be immediately put to death. By these unmerciful practices ; by bribing the judges, and sending emissaries among the people to prepare them for his purpose, and run down his competitors, he contrived to obtain the victory over the other performers, till satiated with the extorted applauses of the Romans, he began to long for an extension of infamy, and resolved to carry his histrionic and musical fame into other countries.

When to disapprove the imperial actor was to insure death, it will be readily conceived that all who attended the theatres were prepared to act a feigned part. It will therefore seem wonderful that the theatres were not abandoned. But Nero had a cure for this ; to those who had been accustomed to attend the theatres, it was hinted that their attendance was expected at the emperor's performances. Multitudes, therefore, attended to avoid having their names set down in a proscription list ; and some attended at the instigation of curiosity to see the monster, and to witness the novelty of an emperor of Rome turning stage player. On one of these occasions the minds of the audience were so completely engrossed either by fear, or by astonishment and suppressed contempt, that they remained wholly unconscious of a great earthquake which took place while the tyrant was singing. It sometimes happened that as soon as the spell of curiosity under which they were held was dissolved, and the eagerness of curiosity subsided, or the imbecility of fear was removed, the men were often seen privately leaping from the walls to escape the torture of witnessing such disgusting absurdity, and the women frequently had recourse to the long established expedient of falling into fits and fainting, in order that they might be carried out of the theatre. All the time the spies of the tyrant were employed in ascertaining which of the Roman

citizens were refractory in their conduct, and the soldiery employed more than military vigilance in compelling the people to give demonstrations of satisfaction, and exhibit looks of applause and pleasure foreign from their understanding or feeling. It happened that at one of Nero's performances an old senator of the name of Vespasian, yielding perhaps to the languor attendant on age, or rendered drowsy with wine, accidentally fell asleep. The consequence was, that it was with great difficulty his life could be saved from the jealous fury of the tyrant.

While labouring under a satiety of this kind of enjoyment the celebration of the Olympic games caught his notice, and inflamed anew his ambition. He passed into Greece, and presented himself as a candidate for the public honours of the theatre. The Greeks were at that time sunk into the lowest abyss of baseness, filth and corruption, and therefore did not require so much caution or art in managing them as the Romans did. Nero entered the ring with the wrestlers, but was easily defeated; yet the flattery of the spectators adjudged him the victory. He ordered himself to be proclaimed an Apollo in every place he visited; and though he was totally thrown out at the Olympic games, he still obtained the crown by compulsion, not only there but at the Isthmean, Pythian, and Nemean games, at all of which his performances were execrable. The base Greeks who could scarcely endure his singing, speaking, or acting, pretended to feel the most ecstatic delight at them; and if any thing could surpass his vanity or cruelty, it was their hypocritical rapture, till at last he left the country and returned to Rome, loaded with no less than eighteen hundred crowns bestowed upon him by their baseness, or exacted by the swords of his soldiers.

It belongs not to this subject to follow up the tyrant through all the frantic acts of his guilty reign. Happy had it been for mankind if his freaks had been confined to the stage, and his injustice and tyranny in the indulgence of that passion were his only offences. For, horrible and manifold as they were, they are almost lost to the mind's eye in the multitude and enormity of his other crimes. As his character is delivered down to us, it presents at once a frightful monument of depravity, and a mortifying proof that a violent passion for the arts, which are gene-

rally supposed to purify and humanize the heart, may be blended with the most detestable and sanguinary propensities.

From the time of Nero the dramatic representations of the Romans declined every day more and more into licentiousness; all order and regularity was gradually banished; the representations became more vile and calumnious than ever, and their satire now personal and pointed, made up in bitterness and malice what it wanted in wit and humour. Genius withdrew from the stage, and the theatre fell at once into the most deplorable state, and soon after into decay and utter dissolution.

BIOGRAPHICAL ABSTRACT

OF THE LIFE OF JOHN TOBIN, ESQ. AUTHOR OF THE PLAY
CALLED "THE HONEY MOON."

JOHN TOBIN was born, January 28th, 1770, at Salisbury. The maiden name of his mother was Elizabeth Webbe, a West Indian, and by her he was the third son of James Tobin, born in London, but an inhabitant of the island of Nevis. Quitting England for the West Indies, his parents sent him and his two elder brothers to the free-school of Southampton, where he remained seven years, and was afterward pupil to the reverend Mr. Lee of Bristol, in which city his father, returning from the Indies, embarked in a commercial partnership. Not having been bred to commerce, his father in early life had been devoted to the pursuit of the liberal arts, and the taste of the son was improved by residing in his father's house. His inclination, however, for the law, to which profession he was destined, was by no means increased. He was for a short period with a Mr. Gautier, who taught French at Bristol. In 1785, he was articled to an eminent solicitor of Lincoln's Inn.

After the death of that gentleman, he became a partner with three other clerks in the office; but, disagreements happening

which ended in a chancery suit, he entered into a new firm with his friend Mr. Ange.

Finding his health decline, by the advice of his physicians he went, in 1803, and resided with a relation in Cornwall; but his disorder assuming the form of consumption, he was induced, in November 1804, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, to embark at Bristol for the West Indies, hoping benefit from a warmer climate. In the same ship was the wife of a valued friend, suffering under the same disease and buoyed up by the same hopes. Detained at Cork some days, the vessel sailed from that port on the 7th of December, and on that day he died. Contrary winds obliged the ship to return to the Cove of Cork, and he was attended to his grave by the friend who had accompanied him on this short voyage. Previous to this disease, his health generally appeared good; but he was always of a spare habit, and, when a boy, indisposed to violent and muscular exercises. When at school he was quick in acquiring lessons, tranquil of disposition, and prone neither to give nor take offence. Delighting to indulge in reverie, his pursuits were of a peaceable and literary kind. On the banks of the Avon, near Salisbury, where he spent his holidays with his grandfather, he acquired a love of angling, to which he was ever afterward devoted; and his ardor for it was increased by the few opportunities in which it could be indulged. Averse to walking, unless when he had a strong motive, his hours were lost in thought, or in the creations of an active mind. Abstracted and constitutionally indolent, he was alike apt to forget forms and neglect pecuniary concerns; yet, having a high sense of moral duty, he never broke even trifling engagements. Of inflexible integrity himself, he detested selfishness, and carefully avoided men of hollow principles, however bland their manners, or brilliant their accomplishments. By taking a part in school performances, and visiting the theatre at Southampton, he acquired a taste for the drama, and his first piece was written before the year 1789. Constantly engaged after this period in dramatic compositions, they were offered to the theatres, but were all rejected except a comedy called *The Pharo Table*, which was accepted at Drury-lane, though never performed. On quitting London, he left the *Honey Moon*, the last piece he had finished, with his brother: they had resided ten years together, united by kindred feelings and similarity of sentiment and pursuit. To this brother,

who had so often been his unsuccessful negotiator at the theatres, he committed the care of bringing the piece on the stage, having received a promise from the manager that it should be performed.

For a mind like his, the court of Chancery had few charms; nor did he follow his profession with that zeal which can this way acquire wealth and fame; but he loved independence, had a just sense of duty, and was punctual, while in health, in attending at the office. His mind indeed might be absent, and when he left the place he ceased to think of such business.

The *Pharo Table* was chiefly written in bed, during illness, in the year 1795; and his other pieces, between the hours of nine and twelve, after his return from Lincoln's Inn. He frequently composed while walking the streets, and especially songs, which he usually committed to writing when he came home. Animated by society and enjoying rational conversation, yet, as solitude never displeased him, he did not anxiously seek company; though always happy to see a few valued friends, their absence was never perceptible. Unruffled by the accidents of life, possessed of fortitude not easily shaken, with a mind never unemployed, he was subject to no fits of weariness. "He was altogether the happiest man I ever knew*." Though the progress of the disease alarmed him, he contemplated death without fear or superstition. Hope and fancy pictured to him his future success on the stage, while his bodily powers were wasting and his energies daily on the decline. "He died without a groan." While at Falmouth, he revised some of his works, and wrote notes on Shakspeare, intending to contribute to a new edition of our immortal bard. Two of his unfinished plays it was his intention to complete in the West Indies. A constant reader of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the writers of that age, he was no less an admirer of Farquhar and some of his contemporaries. He also read some Spanish comedies, but found little to admire except the ingenuity of their plots. Genuine comedy he supposed might yet find support from the public, and a better taste be revived, notwithstanding the mercenary motives by which it continues to be depraved. Deeply sensible of the moral influence of the drama, he scorned to flatter the base prejudices or the sickly imaginations of the great vulgar or the small.

* These are his brother's words.

The *Honey Moon* appeared at the theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on the 31st of January, 1805, where it was highly and deservedly applauded. It may be said to form an epocha in the annals of the drama, by being a modern attempt to revive the manner of writing which prevailed in the sixteenth century. In his plan the author has totally, and, were but common sense our guide, justly disregarded the vaunted unities of time and place; but, for the greater perfection of his piece, he neglected that which ought to be sacredly observed in dramatic composition, the unity of action, as it has been named by critics, but which would be more intelligible to young students were it rigidly inculcated as the unity of fable. By this it is understood that there should be but one story, and that every character introduced in a piece should concur in promoting one grand design.

Against this rule also the author has egregiously erred. Instead of one, there are three stories, and as many designs: a design to make a lively coquet play on the feelings of her lover; a design to ridicule and subdue a woman-hater; and a design to correct the haughty and angry temper of a termagant.

This last is the principal design; and in the manner of executing it, the appropriate nature and pleasantry of the sentiments, and the flowing and frequently poetical diction of the author, the sterling merit of the play consists. The plan of the fable is so far from new that it appears to be an absolute imitation of Shakspeare, not only in the characters of the duke and Juliana, who are literally Catherine and Petruchio drawn in a different point of view, but of Zamorra, who is as truly a transcript of Viola in *Twelfth Night*. In the management of the principal plan, when the scene changes from the palace to the cottage, we are no less forcibly reminded of *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, by Beaumont and Fletcher. The imitations, through the whole play, of the authors of that age, are too numerous to be cited; but they are frequently so happily made, and often executed with such an air of originality, that, instead of being blemishes, they seem to stamp a sterling merit, and to purify the dramatic gold that had so long and so basely been alloyed.

The *Honey Moon* possesses another antique novelty: it is chiefly written in blank verse, but interspersed with scraps of prose, which an attentive reader is apt to suspect the author at first intended

to versify. He has managed this peculiarity with so great a knowledge of the blank verse which is proper for the stage, that it possesses so much ease and fluency as not to be perceptible as verse, except to delicate and critical auditors.

Of the execution of the three designs it may be said, that the manner of taming the shrew, which is the chief, gratifies while it delights; that the ridicule thrown on the woman-hater, which the author appears to have intended to make no less effective, is sometimes insipid, and in a place or two offensive; and that the sportiveness of the coquet, in the third plan, is a relief to the moroseness of the shrew.

An incident is introduced in the beginning of the fourth act, of a hostess and an apothecary, who conspire to cheat Balthazar, the father of the three heroines, of his money, by giving him improper medicines after a fall from his horse, to detain him as a guest and patient; and of making him, after having listened to their scheme, oblige the apothecary to swallow his own drugs. This scene, altogether, gave displeasure. Dramatic authors should remember that, to introduce an extravagant and almost farcical incident, unless it forcibly and naturally arises out of the subject, is always a very dangerous experiment.

As the poetry of the piece forms one of its striking beauties, to cite a few of the poetical passages may please the reader, or afford him an opportunity of judging should he differ in opinion. In Act I. Rolando, the woman-hater, is seeking for a simile to a woman's tongue, and his companion asks him,

Count. Have you found it?

Rol. Humph! Not exactly. Something like a smoke-jack;
For it goes ever without winding up:
But that wears out in time—there fails the simile.
Next I bethought me of a water-mill;
But that stands still on Sundays; woman's tongue
Needs no reviving Sabbath. And beside,
A mill, to give it motion, waits for grist:
Now, whether she has aught to say or no,
A woman's tongue will go for exercise.
In short, I came to this conclusion:
Most earthly things have their similitudes,
But woman's tongue is yet incomparable.

In act 2, scene 3, Balthazar goes in search of his daughter, and the count says,

I'll bear you company;
And as the traveller, perplex'd a while
In the benighted mazes of a forest,
Breaks on a champaign country, smooth and level,
And sees the sunshine glorious, so shall you, sir,
Behold a bright close and a golden end
To this now dark adventure.

The following is a fine drawn picture of the follies in which the wealthy indulge: it is near the end of the second act:

Who then, that has a taste for Happiness,
Would live in a large mansion, only fit
To be a habitation for the winds;
Keep gilded ornaments for dust and spiders;
See ev'ry body, care for nobody; (*feeble*)
Lose the free use of limbs, by being mewed up
In a close carriage, next to being bed-rid,
As if, like mummies, we should fall to pieces
By taking air; and above all, be pester'd
With those voracious vermin call'd attendants?

At the close of the third act, the duke gives the following beautiful picture:

Thus modestly attir'd,
A half blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them,
With the pure red and white which that same hand
That blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks,
'This well-proportion'd form (think not I flatter)
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind,
Thou'lt fix as much observance, as chaste dames
Can meet, without a blush.

Many more citations might be made, but the above are sufficient to show the poetical talent of the author.

It is unfortunate that the most pernicious moral is inculcated by this comedy, that of deceiving the mind into virtue, or of doing harm that good may be the result. The duke, having married a shrew, descends to a continued course of deception, and, without any scruple, repeatedly tells direct falsehoods, that by these means he may reform his wife. The most clear and understanding moralists have maintained, that good ends are not to be produced by such means, and to induce men to make use of them is to administer poison to morality. It has too long been supposed, by dramatic writers, that the grossest falsehood on the stage was merely sport; it ought rather to be plainly made evident that, when falsehood is practised, the consequences are evil.

The three young ladies are all daughters of Balthazar, a painter, of whose great excellence in his art or renown not a word is said; how he came to have captains, counts, and dukes for sons-in-law, and how the three ladies are each so exceedingly different in character from the two others, may be questionable, but likewise may easily be overlooked. Truth requires it to be said of this comedy, that its merits and defects are each of them great, but that the merits are so uncommon that the defects are cheerfully pardoned.

THE LIFE OF LESSING, AUTHOR OF EMILIA GALLOTTI, A TRAGEDY, WHICH WILL APPEAR IN A FUTURE NUMBER.

It appears to be the prevailing doctrine, among the best critics in Germany, that Lessing is justly esteemed the greatest of their dramatic authors. Whether he has been lately rivalled by Goethe, Schiller, or Kotzebue, will be a subject more likely to be justly decided when those authors are no longer living. The name of Kotzebue, particularly, has, by the Germans themselves, been eminently treated with disrespect: while his works have been translated into all the languages of civilized Europe; and, in several instances, they have been everywhere, not merely well, but rapturously received.

Whether the name of Lessing may be eclipsed, or not, it never can be far thrown into the back ground, among the present poets of Germany: nay, it will maintain a distinguished place, while true pictures of an imperfect state of morality shall continue to delight mankind.

Either the lives of men of literature have seldom that variety of incident, which is common to men of the world, or, such variety is seldom recorded. Bodily activity rather distinguishes the latter class, and mental the men who become famous in literature. They delight in the stillness of solitude, the seclusion of college walls, and the mute language of books. When they escape from these, it is but to associate with their prototypes; men of similar pursuits, propensities, and pleasures.

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was a native of *Kamen*, a small town in *Lausitz*, or *Lusatia*, where his father was a clergyman. He was born in 1729, received the first part of his education from his father, who was a pious and learned man, and afterward from private teachers and the school of the place. From this, he went to the foundation school at *Meissen*, where he employed five years in studying ancient and modern languages, philosophy, and mathematics. The poets of antiquity were his delight: he entered into their spirit, translated, imitated, and from them produced poems of his own.

In 1746, he left *Meissen*, and went to the university of *Leipsic*, there to study theology, and the higher sciences: but he appears to have had no affection for the academical teachers there, J. A. Ernesti the philologist excepted, and rather chose to be his own master. His principal studies were philosophy, aesthetics*, mathematics, and natural history.

From his youth, Lessing had a strong propensity to dramatic poetry, and, while at *Leipsic*, cultivated the friendship of *Felix Weisse*, whose theatrical works are in such high estimation in Germany. He had also much intercourse with the players, who formed the company of *Madam Neuber*, and here wrote his first comic pieces: *Damon*, and *Die alte Jungfer*, which met with universal success.

Quitting *Leipsic*, Lessing joined his intimate friend, *Christlob Milius*, at *Berlin*, and here published his first collection of excellent

* A word, in German literature, signifying principles of taste.

poems, under the title *Kleinigkeiten*, or trifles, which, with some other writings, appeared in 1750.

He went thence to Wittenberg, where his younger brother, J. Gottlieb studied. Here he took the title of *Magister*, and, among other things, wrote a critic on the beginning of the Messiah, by Klopstock.

About two years afterward, he returned to Berlin; where, in addition to a political journal, which was continued till the year 1756, he produced several learned works, began the *Theatralische Bibliothek*, and made acquaintance and friendship with Friedrich Nikolai, Mendelsohn, Ramler, Sultzer, and others.

In 1756, he was appointed Hofmeister, at Leipsic, and was to accompany a young gentleman on his travels; but these travels were never begun, and Lessing remained at Leipsic till the year 1759, during which period he published various original works and translations.

He then once more returned to Berlin, and, in the following year, accompanied the Prussian general, *Tauenzien*, to *Breslaw*, as his secretary. This place he held till 1765, when he left *Breslaw*, visited his father at *Kamenz*, his friends at *Leipsic*, and once again came to *Berlin*, where he laboured at his *Laokoon* [*Laocoon*].

Some wealthy friends of the dramatic art, at *Hamburg*, invited him to join them, in 1766, and aid in the improvement of the theatre, both as a poet and a critic. This office he undertook, but the theatre at *Hamburg* did not then succeed. The world however profited by the undertaking, for here Lessing wrote his *Dramaturgie*; a work full of acute and excellent criticism, on the dramatic art.

At this period, he also took part in the plan which *Bode*, of *Hamburg*, had formed, and, with the aid of men of letters, endeavoured to perfect; which was that of bringing German literature into better repute, by printing good editions of the best authors. *Klopstock*, *Von Gerstenberg*, *Zacharia* and others, contributed their new works in order to promote this undertaking. *Klopstock* made a journey to *Vienna*, in the hope that it would be supported by the emperor, *Joseph*, who appeared desirous to perform some eminent service to literature. Obstinate people, however, interfered, and the failure of the scheme so embittered Lessing that he proposed wholly to renounce the German muse, to retire to *Italy*, and there to write in *Latin*, for the learned world alone.

In 1770, we find him librarian at Wolfenbüttel, with the title of *Hofrath*, or court counsellor, to the duke of Brunswick. Here, in company with prince Leopold of Brunswick, and to recreate his thoughts, he undertook a journey through Berlin and Vienna, to Italy; and, at the end of eight months, again returned to Wolfenbüttel. In this library, his active mind was employed in the discovery and publication of its treasures, and he drew from it several. *Beitrage zu Geschichte und Litteratur**; he also committed to the press *Die Fragmente eines ungennante Deisten*†, which he there found. This terrible performance set the theological world in flames, excited a violent paper war, and drew on the editor many vexations; chiefly at the instigation of the pastor, Melchior Göz, of Hamburg. Our author, in 1778, then wrote *Nathan, the Sage*; which appeared the year following.

In the interim, he had married madam König, a widow lady of Hamburg, who died in two years. From that period, he courted solitude; his health declined, he fell into a lethargy, and expired at Brunswick, 1781, on the 15th of February.

The above account of the life of Lessing is chiefly extracted from an exceedingly useful work, entitled *Handbuch der poetischen Litteratur der Deutschen; von C. F. R. Vetterlein*: in which is given an account of the various editions of the works of Lessing. From these works it appears that Lessing spent a most indefatigable and honourable life, in those inquiries which he thought best could promote polite literature, and especially the dramatic art. Germany, in particular, is everlastingly indebted to his labours, which were unremitting, stimulated by the purest motives, and rewarded by the love and fame which he deserved. Active men of every class, who devote themselves to any useful purpose, deserve the reward and praise of the world: but men of literary and scientific research, perhaps, the most, for they promote that best and most necessary part of the accumulated knowledge of men, on which their social talents, moral virtues, and ultimate happiness depend.

* Aids to History and Literature.

† Fragment by an anonymous Deist.

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE MIRROR.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN HODGKINSON.

(Continued from page 22.)

MANY circumstances concurred to direct the eyes of Hodgkinson to the United States, and to make him overlook the temptations which London and his high patronage held out to his ambition. Young, thoughtless, and addicted to gallantry, he got entangled in disagreeable connexions, and he became enamoured of one of the loveliest young ladies on the British stage, who returned his affection and agreed to marry him. This was Miss Brett, (daughter of a celebrated singer of that name) whose accomplishments and theatrical and musical talents the people of America still have in remembrance. Just about that time, an account of the success of Hallam and Henry had reached England, and if we are to credit the British writers, with intended exaggeration, for the purpose of "deluding the stage-struck heroes of Europe to this land of promise." Hodgkinson was one of the first to feel the force of the attraction, and his domestic arrangements operated as an additional spur to his design. Accordingly in the latter end of 1791, he wrote to Hallam and Henry, offering to come over. A gentleman in this city has obliged us with the original letter, and we have it now before us. As the following extract will not only develop his first views, but serve to show the standing he held on the Bath stage, it cannot be uninteresting to the reader.

To Messrs. Hallam & Henry, Managers of the Theatre, Newyork.

GENTLEMEN,

An ardent desire to visit America has forced me to an inquiry how your theatres are situated. Have you a *first line* vacant? or would you be glad to make one for a principal character in this kingdom? I have in all the first theatres out of the capital, maintained one, as I do now in Bath. Among my range of characters here, are Young Mirabel, Young Quaker, Dashwood, Sir John Restless, The Liar, Othello, Iachimo, Belville (*Wives*), Clifford (*Heiress*), Mahomet, Scapin, Captain Plume, Jaques, Deaf Lover, Myrtle, Villeroy, Petruchio, Marplot, Don Carlos

(*B. S. Husband*), Zanga, Richmond, Don John (*Chances*), Dyonisius, &c. &c.

Now as it may seem singular, that a man in possession of so great a line, and in a first theatre, who has refused, and has now offers of a considerable nature from London, should wish to emigrate; give me leave to say that no pecuniary extravagance has caused the idea, nor could that without great imprudence, be the case, my receipts being near four hundred pounds a year from the theatre.

I know many who, were they once convinced of the firm establishment of your country would be glad to visit it; and I can treat for you with as capital a singer as any this country has, Mrs. Billington excepted. My wish is, you would be candid with regard to every information relative to your towns, &c. What salary you can give *two* such people as I have mentioned; and should this meet your approbation do not disappoint in any thing, for on my part or those mentioned, should any take place, you shall be at liberty to relinquish in an instant. Our vacancy here takes place the beginning of August. Some time between that and September my wish would be to set sail.

I should thank you to attend to these points. I am sure you'll pardon my being particular in them all, and in requesting an answer by the first return. Rest assured that on my part, or the person I treat for, no failure shall take place.

I am, gentlemen,

Your servant,

JOHN HODGKINSON.

Bath, December 28, 1791.

Thus we find that twenty years ago, at which time he could not at the utmost have been more than twenty-five years of age, did Hodgkinson fill the most comprehensive line of general acting that perhaps any actor ever did on the British or any other stage; not in an obscure country town, but in a theatre, which for the taste and splendour of the audience is at least equal to those of London.

And here it appears necessary to say something of the state of the American stage, about the time Hodgkinson first contem-

plated a removal to it. To the family of Hallam this country is indebted for the introduction of dramatic performances into the New World. The late Lewis Hallam was not, as is imagined by some, the first manager, or, as it is called the father of the American stage. His father, who was brother to that Hallam who was manager of the Goodman's Fields theatre, and son of him whom Charles Macklin killed in a quarrel about a comedy wig, being obliged by embarrassed circumstances to quit England, came over to this country to try his fortune, and established theatres in New-york, Charleston, and Philadelphia, by which he realized a very large fortune, not less, some say, than ten thousand pounds. He dying, one Douglas succeeded to the theatres and to the care of such of his family as were in America, by marriage with his widow. But in the revolutionary struggle most of the property was lost, and Douglas and the family retired to the West Indies. Peace being concluded, Lewis Hallam, the son, lately manager at New-york, returned to the United States, and in right of his father-in-law, claimed and took possession of the theatre, and crossed over to London for performers. While there he played Hamlet at Drury Lane, it is said, with some success, and formed a copartnership with John Henry, an actor who had made an unsuccessful attempt at Covent Garden, in the character of Othello. Having made their arrangements for opening the theatre with *eclat* in the new country, they returned thither with Mr. and Mrs. Kuma, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. Harper, a young actor of considerable talents, and several others.

The theatre of Philadelphia was opened and presented to the admiring eyes of the Americans a spectacle which, for the stile of its embellishments far exceeded any thing known before, being beyond all comparison superior in scenery, decorations, dresses, and general splendour to that exhibited by Douglas. The circumstances of the times, their victory over Great Britain, and the exultation consequent to their newly acquired independence, fitted the people for enjoyment. The magnificence of the tragedies astonished, while comedy filled them with delight; the theatre became a place of fashionable resort, and the managers found money flowing in upon them beyond their most sanguine expectations. Nothing but prudence and temper were wanting

to their accumulating each a splendid independence. With a vigorous, strenuous mind, and an herculean frame, however, Henry laboured under an irritable temper, which was latterly inflamed perhaps by bodily infirmity; and from this and some other causes discontents arose between them, and destroyed that unanimity without which no partnership can long exist. Wignell who played in the company, and was rather a public favourite, disagreeing with Henry, resolved to secede, and in partnership with Reinagle, a musician in the company, who possessed some property, conceived the project of erecting a new theatre upon a more extensive plan than that of Hallam and Henry, and having obtained a large subscription for the purpose, Wignell set off to England to collect a company, after having laid the foundation of that elegant and spacious structure, the present New Theatre in Chesnut street.

Hallam and Henry saw the stroke that was aimed at their interest and hastened to repel it. The latter set off for England resolved to collect together such a company as would enable them to take the field successfully against their intended antagonists, and arriving there before Wignell, lost no time in forming the best engagements. Among those were Hodgkinson and his intended wife, then Miss Brett, with her mother and sister. He also engaged the celebrated Mrs. Wrighten of Drury Lane, and several others.

The agreement with Hodgkinson and the Brett family was as follows; it will serve to show what the salaries were at that time. When such a performer as Hodgkinson received only three guineas and a half, not quite seventeen dollars a week, what must have been the salaries of the inferior performers? No inconsiderable proof of the general advancement of the drama in this country.

Agreement between Messrs. Hallam and Henry on the one part, and Mr. Hodgkinson for himself, wife, and Mrs. Brett and daughter on the other, drawn this fifth day of May, 1792.

“Mr. Hodgkinson to receive for his services as an actor the sum of three and a half guineas weekly, with a winter benefit, paying equal charges with the rest of the company: likewise, a benefit in any summer town that Messrs. Hallam and Henry may

choose their company to perform in: the benefit in the winter season to be secured to Mr. Hodgkinson one hundred pounds, currency of Pennsylvania; and the salary to commence within one fortnight after the arrival in America.

Mrs. Hodgkinson to receive the same salary as Mr. Hodgkinson, and in every particular the same establishment: the two salaries to be secured for *ten* months in the year, with a proviso, that in case during the term of this agreement, Messrs. Hallam and Henry should give to any actor or actress more than the above salary or advantages, they, upon their honours, will make Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson *equal*.

For Mrs. Brett and Miss Brett, *both* or *EITHER*, the sum of two guineas weekly each. This agreement to extend to an article that may be binding for a term of not more than three years, nor less than two; each party agreeing to give the other six months' notice as to the determination of renewal at the expiration. And in case the above persons, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson, Mrs. Brett and Miss Brett, at the conclusion of their engagement, should not find the situation to their wish, or the managers not choosing to renew the article, Messrs. Hallam and Henry, they giving the above notice, engage to convey them back to England *free of all expense*.

John Henry engages to use his best endeavours with Mr. Hallam, (*which he makes no doubt will be successful*) that he shall divide with Mr. Hodgkinson the young heroes of tragedy and gentlemen in first comedy; he will also pledge himself that Mrs. Henry shall in the most ample manner divide with Mrs. Hodgkinson the *first line* of opera characters.

JOHN HODGKINSON.

JOHN HENRY.

Hodgkinson sailed from England on the 28th June, 1792, with Henry, in the old ship Bristol, and landed at Newyork on the 6th of September following; thence he proceeded to Philadelphia, where he made his first appearance in the character of Belcour, and received unbounded applause. To that succeeded Ranger, Archer, Vapid, Robin, John Dory, and several other characters, in all which he displayed powers that astonish-

ed the audience. But their admiration was greatly increased by his lord Aimworth, in the *Maid of the Mill*, in which he presented for the first time, it may be said, in either hemisphere, the singular spectacle of a man at once combining a first singer with a first rate actor. The house was full every night, and Hallam and Henry had made the most successful campaign for that season ever made in America, before Wignell arrived with his company, which was not till the fall of 1793, at which time the yellow fever raged with such fatal malignity that the company were obliged to land at Wilmington, and to remain idle till the winter, when the New Theatre opened.

At no time, not even in the days of Garrick and Rich, was there a rivalry carried on by two theatres with more vigour and unabated spirit than that which took place that winter between the new and the old companies with their new raised levies. The inhabitants alternately crowded both houses to survey the contest and judge between them. In comedy and opera the palm was generally given to the old; but the unrivalled powers of Mrs. Merry gave to the new the prize in tragedy.

The new house had besides a powerful attraction in the ballet dancing of Byrne, and of Mr. Francis, who, besides being an excellent low comedian, was a very good stage dancer.

The next season, however, Hallam and Henry found it their interest to withdraw from Philadelphia and to take up their stand at Newyork. But Wignell had too much good sense to let this abate his industry: though he had now the field left to himself, and all opposition was withdrawn, his zeal remained undiminished, and he returned the favours of the public with a continued supply of new pieces, and new performers. Among others he engaged Mr. Cooper, who, though by no means so great an actor, generally, nor so correct or uniform in any thing, was in a high but circumscribed line of tragedy, much superior to any man that has yet been seen in America.

There is reason to believe that want of unanimity among themselves, and the contentious peevishness of one of them did more than Wignell could to impair the interests of Hallam and Henry. Henry at length retired, and soon after died, when Hallam took in Hodgkinson as joint proprietor and acting manager.

and for some time they carried on the management successfully; but age and inactivity crept upon Hallam so fast that he deemed it expedient to retire, and sold out to Mr. Dunlap, who, taking the management under his sole direction, retained Hodgkinson as a player.

Mr. Dunlap, who it is reasonable to suppose must have been very deficient in that knowledge of the interior business of a playhouse necessary to the office of manager, failed in his speculation, and gave up the whole to his creditors, and the renters of the theatre, who placed Mr. Tyler and Mr. Johnson in the direction of the theatre as acting managers. But performers were wanting, and where were such to be had as could fill up the places of those to whom the Newyork audience had been accustomed? Hodgkinson having left it, who was to fill up the space which he held in the public eye? With the view of making him a substitute, Mr. Harper was invited from Newengland, where he was manager of the Boston, Providence, and Newport theatres. But though a good performer, he was not sufficiently qualified to fill the place for which he was called. The speculation entirely failed, and the proprietors found it necessary to recall Hodgkinson. To this end they made him overtures of a nature too advantageous to be refused; therefore he accepted them, and became whole and sole manager of the Newyork theatre in the year 1805.

Hodgkinson possessed great powers for making money, but wanted the useful art of keeping it. His hospitality was too great, his generosity unbounded, and his prudence was no match for the ardent benevolence of his nature. He got involved in theatrical projects and connexions at Newyork and Boston, which all his ability, and even his industry, which surpassed his talents, could not support against the fatalities annexed to them, and he resolved to retire from the Newyork theatre. Placide, the manager of the Charleston theatre, being on a trip to the middle and northern states, for the purpose of strengthening his company, made him proposals which he accepted, and the people of Charleston had the satisfaction of seeing it announced to them that Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson, and Mrs. Brett, were engaged to perform at the theatre of that city the ensuing sea-

son. This pleasing promise was followed close on the heels with intelligence which damped the joy it occasioned, and spread a general gloom over the theatrical circles of America. Mrs. Hodgkinson, who had been a long time much indisposed, died at Newyork deeply lamented by all who knew her.

Hodgkinson, however, proceeded for the first time to Charleston, where his reputation as an actor had excited a lively curiosity and desire to see him. On his arrival he received all the hospitality and liberalities which that generous and polished people never fail to bestow upon deserving strangers; and his recent loss—the mourning of the widowed state and of his family, and the appearance of two beautiful orphaned children, who, with Mrs. Brett, made up his little melancholy household, excited sensations of pity and of kindness, which not a little contributed to engage the favour of that noble-minded people. His performances were received by crowded audiences with unbounded applause, and he himself was constantly invited into the first circles of company.

His first appearance in Charleston was in the character of Osmond, in the *Castle Spectre*, in which he was supported by the great abilities of Mrs. Whitlock, in *Angela*. In succession he went through most of characters, and rarely failed to perform in play and afterpiece. The people were no less astonished than delighted. The versatility of his powers, and his excellence in almost every part surpassed all they had been prepared to expect. In his *Osmond*, which was unequalled,* they saw the capital tragedian, and there they naturally supposed his forte to lie. But how great was their surprise when they saw him play *Shelty*. To *Osmond* succeeded

Ranger,
 ✓Rolla,
 Belcour, and Walter,
 Hastings, and Don Juan,
 ✓Dennis Bulgruddery,
 Ollapod, and The Liar, ✓

* The author gives this not only as his own opinion, but as the opinion of Mrs. Whitlock, who was far from entertaining a partiality for Hodgkinson.

- ✓ Mr. Oakley,
- Gustavus Vasa,
- ✓ Rover, and Patrick,
- Lord Townly,
- ✓ Don Felix,
- Charles De Moor, (*Robbers.*)
- ✓ Stranger, and Lingo,
- Abællino,
- ✓ Biron,
- Anthony Euston, and Shelly,
- ✓ Richard,
- Spunge, and Will Steady,
- Rinaldo, (*Voice of Nature,*) and Ruttekin,
- ✓ Benedick,
- Horatio,
- Mentevole, (*in Julia.*)
- Rivers, (*E. Indian.*)
- ✓ Don Julio (*B. S. for a Husband.*)
- Phelim O'Flinn, (*L. in Louisiana.*)
- Ben Block, (*Maid of Bristol,*) and Petruchio,
- ✓ Marplot,
- Beauchamp, (*Which is the Man,*) and Apollo, (*Midas.*)
- ✓ Bronzely, (*Wives as they Were,*) and Puff,
- ✓ Sir Philip Blandford, (*S. the Plough,*) and Harry Hawser
- Bellair, (*New Way to Win Hearts.*)
- ✓ Hamlet,
- Sir Robert Bramble, (*Every one has his Fault,*) and Mah-
- moud,
- Jaffier,
- Jerry Diddler,
- Romeo, and Leander, (*Padlock.*)
- ✓ Octavian,
- Cæsar, (*Alphonso.*)
- Captain Bertram, (*Fraternal Discord in England.*)
- Penruddock,
- ✓ Michael, (*Adopted Child.*)
- Alexander,
- Cymon,

Frank Heartall, (*Soldier's Daughter*), and baron Wellington,
 hest,
 Belville, (*School for Wives*.)
 ✓ Leon,
 ✓ Sir Peter Teazle, and Romaldi,
 Loony M'Twolter,
 Carlos, (*Love Makes a Man*.)
 Aircourt, (*Lie of the Day*.)
 Lord Sparkle,
 Hawthorn,
 Triangle, (*Guilty or Not*.)
 Hartshorn, (*Sailor's Daughter*), and Solomon,
 Petro, (*Tale of Terror*.)
 Plotwell, (*Comet*.)
 Nominal,
 Young Mirabel, and Comus,
 ✓ Glenalvon,
 ✓ Trappanti,
 Brian O'Bradley, (*Hearts of Oak*.)
 Captain Wilson, (*Flitch of Bacon*.)
 Captain Lavish, (*Management*.)
 Alphonso, (*Voice of Nature*.)
 Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan,
 Captain Flash,
 Syndicus Morlan, (*Force of Calumny*.)
 Frederick, (*Poor Gentleman*.)
 The Bastard, (*King John*.)
 Captain Beldare, (*Love Laughs at Lock-smiths*.)

This was the most productive season ever known at Charleston to the managers, and indeed to the actors too, for Hodgkinson made their interest his own, and acted, sung, and exerted himself for their benefits. That summer he visited the northern and eastern states, and returned the next season to Charleston, where he was playing, when he received an invitation to take upon him the management of the Newyork theatre.

It was late in the summer when he left Charleston, and arriving at Newyork entered upon his office. Having made the necessary arrangements there, he proceeded southward in quest

of performers, and to make good an engagement he had entered into with the manager of the Washington theatre, to perform a few nights at that city.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LIFE OF LOPE DE VEGA.

(With a Plate.)

THE following account of this very remarkable poet is taken from a work entitled *Letters from an English Traveller in Spain*,* which as we are informed in the *Monthly Review*, were written by Mr. Dillon.

It is here given, because it contains a more circumstantial account than any which is in the possession of the editor.

“Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, born the 25th November, 1562, was the son of Felix Vega de Carpio, a gentleman of Madrid, who had the reputation of being a very good poet; a turn which he observed with rapture in his child from its infancy, and which the fond parent cherished with the greatest delight. At five years of age young Lope could read Spanish and Latin fluently, and even make verses, which he exchanged with his school-fellows for pictures and other trifles. His father, charmed with this surprising dawn of genius, spared no pains to cultivate a darling plant that seemed to encourage the most flattering expectations. At the age of twelve, Lope was master of the Latin tongue and the art of rhetoric; could dance and fence with ease and dexterity, and sing with a tolerable taste. Endowed with these accomplishments, he became an orphan, at his first entrance into the world, with every pressure of distress, and was taken into the service of the Bishop of Avila, in whose praise he wrote several pastorals, and made his first dramatic essay, with a comedy entitled *La Pastoral de Jacinto*. He soon after quitted his patron, went to the university of Alcala, where he studied philosophy, and took a degree; then returned to Madrid, and became secretary to the duke of Alva, who intrusted him with his most weighty concerns. Encouraged by his new Mecenas, he again tuned his lyre, and sung his praise in a poem entitled

* London, 1781.

Arcadia. About this time he married Donna Isabella de Urbina, a lady of fashion, on account of whose gallantries he soon after fought a duel, and having grievously wounded his antagonist fled to Valencia, where he lived some years; after which he returned again to Madrid, where, losing his wife, he felt himself animated with a military ardor, and repaired to Cadiz to embark on board the great armada, fitting out by Philip the Second, against queen Elizabeth. In this fleet he sailed for Lisbon in company with his brother, a lieutenant in the Spanish navy, who lost his life in that expedition. Our poet had his share of the misfortunes of that disappointed fleet, and appeared at Madrid without a single friend, became secretary to the marquis of Malpica, and afterwards to the count of Lemos. Though his first marriage was so unsuccessful, he was in hopes of being more fortunate in that state with Donna Juana de Guardia, a lady of rank, whom he soon after lost. Inconsolable at these repeated afflictions, he entered into the ecclesiastic state, was ordained a priest, and appointed head chaplain to a congregation of priests at Madrid, though he still courted the muses, making this the chief relaxation that softened his sorrows. He was now in the zenith of his poetic glory, and his reputation became so universal, that pope Urban the Eighth sent him the degree of doctor in divinity, and the cross of the order of Malta, added to a lucrative post in the apostolic exchequer, which Lope held to his death, which happened in his seventy-third year, to the great regret of the court and every learned man in the kingdom. The duke of Sesa, who was his patron and executor, caused him to be interred at his own expense, with such pomp and magnificence as had never been seen before for a private person; the duke invited all the grandees of the kingdom, who attended in person, in token of their concern at the loss of so distinguished a character. The funeral obsequies lasted three days; all the clergy of the king's chapel assisted, three bishops officiated pontifically, and three of the most eloquent orators exerted themselves in praise of the deceased, adding new laurels to the fame of Lope de Vega, with whom, when living, many princes gloried in being acquainted. Pope Urban wrote him a letter in answer to a dedication of his poem in favour of Mary queen of Scots, entitled *Corona tragica*

de Maria Stuardo. Cardinal Barbarini held a very intimate correspondence with him, as did many other cardinals and noblemen, who courted his friendship. When he walked in the streets, he was gazed upon and followed as a prodigy; he was, moreover, loaded with presents: and by the rapid sale of his numerous works soon amassed a considerable fortune, and acquired a capital of 150,000 ducats, beside his annual income of fifteen hundred ducats, arising out of his benefices and employments. So great was the fertility of his genius, the amazing readiness of his wit, and rapidity of thought, added to his animated expression, that perhaps there never was a poet in the world, either ancient or modern, that could be compared to him. His lyric compositions and fugitive pieces, with his prose essays, form a collection of fifty volumes, beside his dramatic works, which make twenty-six volumes more; exclusive of four hundred scriptural dramatic pieces, called in Spain *Autos Sacramentales*, all which were successively brought on the stage; and, what is still more extraordinary, speaking of his printed works, in one of his pastorals to *Claudio*, he says, they form the least part of what still remained in his closet. It appears, from his own authority, that he used constantly to write five sheets a day, which, multiplied by the days of his life, would make 133,225 sheets; then reckoning the number of verses corresponding to each sheet, it will appear that, exclusive of prose, he wrote 21,317,000 verses; an unheard-of exertion and facility of versification! our author possessing an inexhaustible fund, which, like the fire of Vesuvius, continually afforded new matter, and blazed out incessantly. So extraordinary was the rapidity of his genius, he would often finish a play in twenty-four hours, and some comedies in less than five hours, with as much correctness and elegance in his verse as the most laboured pieces of other writers of his time. Such was the contemporary of sir Philip Sidney, Shakspeare, and Spencer. In his *Laurel de Apollo* he has celebrated all the good poets of his time; but none were more universally praised from all parts than himself. His surprising faculties were such, that in his dramatic pieces he broke through all rules of art; yet such was his success, that he was constantly the favourite of the public, and drew perpetual bursts of applause. It was not his

fault if his successors had not his talents to conceal their defects, and only imitated his imperfections, rendering the Spanish drama insupportable when deprived of the beauties of Lope; this was foreseen by Cervantes, who reproaches our poet with destroying the rules of the drama, as laid down by the ancients, in order to court popular applause; to obtain which he lost sight of every idea of nature, or good taste; adding, that the probability of fable dwindled in his hands, and was wafted away by the enchanting magic of verse; all unity of time and place was annihilated; his heroes came out of their cradles, and wandered from east to west as lovers or combatants, put on the cowl of monks, died in cloisters, and worked miracles on the stage. The scene is transported from Italy to Flanders, and as easily shifted from Valencia to Mexico. Footmen discourse like courtiers, princes like bullies, and ladies like chambermaids. The actors appear in legions, often seventy at a time, and close with numerous processions.

“So sensible was Lope of the wildness of his imagination, and how wantonly he sported with the confidence of the public, that speaking of himself, he acknowledges his fault in the following words:

‘Mas ninguno de todos llamar puedo
Mas barbaro que yo, pues contra el arte
Me atrevo a dar preceptos, y me dexo
Elevar de la vulgar corriente, a donde
Me llaman ignorante, Italia y Francia.’

“And again,

‘Y escrivo por el arte, que inventaron
Los que el vulgar aplauso pretendieron
Porque como los paga el vulgo, es justo
Hablarle en necio, para darle gusto.’

“That is, ‘that he was sensible of the reproaches Italy and France would make him for breaking through all rules to please the ignorant public; but since it was they that paid for it, they had a right to be pleased in their own way.’”

The above is the account given by Mr. Dillon, which entirely corresponds with the stories we meet with in other au-

thors; but which can never be made to agree with probability. Deducting from his life the years that were dedicated indispensably to other avocations, the time that was necessarily spent in the acquirements of such a person, as well as in eating, drinking, and sleeping; unless it can be proved he neither eat, drank, nor slept, that he stood in no need of acquirements, and that he was born a perfect poet; calculation will make it appear that he could not have *copied* all which he is said to have *written*; the mechanical labour would have been too great, without attributing the loss of a moment to the labours of invention.

To conceive a comedy in twenty-four hours is very possible; but I never met with the writer who could transcribe one in the time; yet, we are told, that Lope de Vega would finish some comedies in less than five hours, with as much correctness and elegance in his verse as the most laboured pieces of other writers of his time.

His prose writings are said to have been very voluminous; and that, in poetry, he was so prolific, according to his own authority, as to have written 21,316,000 verses by fair calculation.

To copy two lines of poetry in a minute, for nine hours every day of a man's life, is a labour which, it is presumed, the human frame could never perform; yet, exclusive of his prose, had Lope de Vega, for the space of fifty years, without a day's intermission, worked nine hours a day, and copied two lines a minute, it would only amount to 1,970,000 verses.

That, like Calderon de la Barca, he was extremely prolific there are too many concurring testimonies to be doubted; but, if the works of both these poets did not remain in such great abundance, the truth itself would be rendered dubious by the exaggerated tales that are told of them.

ALMANACH DES GOURMANDS;

OR, THE LUXURY OF PARIS.

Hélas! nous n'avons plus l'estomac de nos pères;
 Toute l'affete aujourd'hui: les *progrès des lumières*,
Et de la vérité, la hauteur des esprits,
 Semblent avoir changé nos premiers appétits.

La Gastronomie, par M. Berchoux, Chant. II.

THERE are other offences against good manners, and still more against the genuine spirit of Christianity, besides that so happily treated by our ingenious correspondent Q. None can possibly suspect us of being victims to that cynical disposition which refuses to partake in the social enjoyments of life; (or, if any desire conviction on this subject, let them send an invitation to the corps, and set a good bottle of wine before us, with proper preface and appendix)—but, enjoyment is not, in our vocabulary, synonymous with excess. We abhor gloom and melancholy; and, whenever we *do* run mad, our madness will be of the sprightly kind: *vivace!*—yet till that happy time arrives, we deem it our duty, and we find it to our benefit, to mingle mirth with wisdom. We even pique ourselves on our taste; and think little of those who load a table, but never set it out to advantage:—but then our taste is British. We prefer John Bull's viands to all the *soi-disant* delicacies that ever were metamorphosed into the indescribables of French cookery. To say truth we are somewhat suspicious, and always like *to know what we eat*. Roast beef, for instance, we know to be “good for the stomach and bowels;” and in spite of sir Andrew Aguecheek's opinion to the contrary, not hurtful to the brains and wit. In short, the fact is, that we *have known* what French cookery *was*, at the tables of highest fashion, and therefore consider ourselves as well qualified to judge on the merits of culinary competition. Having lately been visited with a desire to know what the present taste ordains as the *etiquette à-la-mode de Paris*, we took up Mr. Pinkerton's “Recollections of his Visit to Paris in the years 1802-3-4-5,” and having been ourselves amused with his description, we determined to submit it to our readers for public amusement:

An Englishman, who has not visited Paris, will scarcely believe that the luxury of London can be exceeded: but, in fact, the luxuries and opportunities at Paris are allowed by all candid judges, infinitely to surpass those of the English capital, in the variety, and the cheap rates at which they may be procured. The superior dryness of the air also exhilarates the spirits, and gives a keener relish to many enjoyments.

The well known work called "*l'Almanach des Gourmands*," by Grimod de la Reynière, may serve in some measure as a text book in treating of the luxuries of Paris; but it is in so many hands, that a few extracts, or rather remarks, suggested by its perusal, may suffice. That work, indeed, only embraces one branch of luxury, but a branch particularly cultivated by the new rich; whose cellars and larders are far better replenished than their libraries. This taste has become so general, that many booksellers have become *traiteurs*, and find the corporeal food far more profitable than the mental.

The old new year, the first of January, is still the season of little gifts, chiefly eatables and sweetmeats, for which last the Rue des Lombards is deservedly famous. The best beef at Paris is that of Auvergne and Cotentin, and the *aloya*, which seems to be the inner part of our sirloin, is regarded as the most chosen morsel; but the French custom of sticking such pieces with little morsels of lard, [bacon] is to an English palate truly nauseous, and irreconcilable with any just principles of cookery, as it diminishes the juice, and injures the flavour of the meat. When M. Grimod supposes that beefsteaks form the chief dish of an English dinner, he shows a ridiculous ignorance of our customs. The best veal is that of Pontoise, not far from Paris, but as they are strangers to our mode of nourishing the animals, this food is regarded as of difficult or irregular digestion, nor can it ever be compared with English veal. Our author says, that the French calves are fed with cream and biscuits, which may account for this quality. The lamb is also so young, so insipid, so vapid, that it bears no resemblance to the delicate juices and flavour of the English. The mutton is from the Ardennes, but it is as rare as Welch mutton in London. In general, the mutton cannot be praised; and while the French import the Spanish breed on account of the wool, they ought also to

import some other for the meat. Nor does their pork seem equal to the English.

The game is in general superior to that of England; and the red partridge forms an elegant regale. The pheasant has become extremely rare, the pheasantries having been destroyed with the other marks of rank. The quails in the neighbourhood of Paris are excellent.

Young turkies, of the size of a large fowl, are very common, though somewhat higher in price; and poultry in general is about one third cheaper than in London, if bought in the large markets. Among the vegetables, spinach is particularly well cooked, and not diluted in water as in London. As the leaves take up much space, it is always sold at the green shop simply boiled, and afterwards cooked according to the fancy of the purchaser. The vinegar put into the sauce for cauliflower destroys its flavour; and in general a mixture of the English and French modes of cookery would be the best. Boiled endive, raw with us, is a common and healthy dish at Paris, being mucilaginous, and agreeable to weak stomachs. But another usual dish, a partridge boiled with bacon and cabbages, seems an absurdity, the flavour being lost, and the whole nauseous to the English palate. Carrots are regarded as stomachic, and a basin of vermicelli soup, with grated carrot, is a famous breakfast. The French pastry is much celebrated, but many persons seem deservedly to prefer the English. Some have an aversion to the pigeons of Paris, because they are fed from mouth to mouth. The goose is left to the populace, being in general meagre and unsavoury; but the ducks are often excellent.

In the winter there is a sufficient supply of excellent fish, and turbot is sold by the pound. A rich farmer-general, about to give a solemn dinner, sent his *maître-d'hôtel* for fish, who reported that there was only a large turbot, for which a counsellor had paid two louis d'or. "Here," said the farmer-general, throwing four louis on the table, "go and buy me the turbot and the counsellor." During the summer the fish is scarce and bad, and a large fortune might be made by bringing this article to Paris in ice. Fishwomen carry about live carp in leathern vessels, suspended at their girdles; these are dangerous to encounter, as any derangement of her fishpond occasions a torrent

of abuse; and sometimes a live carp serves as an instrument of manual exercise. A dish of gudgeons is a favourite food of a *petite maîtresse*. The hams of Bayonne are excellent, and extremely mild; but those of Mentz, though harder, are more savoury. The milk and eggs of Paris are superior to those of London. Of artichokes and strawberries the season is prolonged by the art of the gardener, and both may be had at the end of September.

M. Grimod has wittily observed, that thirteen forms an unlucky number at table, when there is only food for twelve; and that the falling of the salt-seller is very unlucky, when it spoils a good dish. Yet he recommends as sacred another prejudice, that of paying a visit at the house where you are treated, some days after the dinner: as if the business of a forenoon could be neglected for such an idle ceremony. His parallel, vol. 1, p. 225, between the gratifications of the palate and those of love, gave some offence to the Parisian belles, and he was obliged to soften it in a second edition,

Le déjeuner à la fourchette, or fork-breakfast, is so called, because in eating meat you have occasion for a fork. Since the lateness of the dinner hour, and the discontinuance of supper, this repast has become very common. It generally consists of cold meats; but broiled fowls, kidneys, and sausages, are admitted, with *petits-pâtés*. During the winter, oysters from the Rock Concale, a public house so called, and much celebrated for this article, form the usual introduction.

The master and mistress of the house continue to carve, while it is to be regretted that the German fashion is not introduced, of having the dishes carved by a servant at a side-table. The *plateau*, which decorates the middle of the table, is often strewed with fine sand, of various colours, in compartments, and decorated with small images, or real or artificial flowers. Images of porcelain seem particularly adapted for this purpose: and the proper decorations are peculiar objects of good taste. In England it is not uncommon to see a splendid silver vase, containing a few oranges, or a salad, placed in the middle of the table, with, perhaps two smaller vases at either extremity, filled with similar articles, or with bottles of favourite wine. Nothing can be more void of taste, as the contents do not cor-

respond to the richness of the vases, and a statue of clay might as well be mounted on a horse of gold. A bottle of wine, a few oranges, or a salad, can never delight the eyes, the chief intention of the *plateau*, and the vases are only profitable to the silversmith. It was at the marriage of Louis XV, in 1725, that the first sanded *plateau* appeared at Paris. Desforges, father of the celebrated author of the *Jealous Wife*, Tom Jones at London, &c. introduced artificial verdure with great success. The son was no less remarkable as an actor and dramatic poet, than as the author of the very singular and erotic memoirs of his own life, in eight small volumes, under the title of *Le Poëte, ou Mémoires d'un Homme de Lettres*. Little temples were added by Dutofy, who also invented artificial fire-works in miniature, delighting at once the eye and the smell.

The custom of dining without the attendance of servants is warmly recommended by M. Grimod, who justly observes, they throw a constraint over the conversation. He recommends the use of numerous dumb waiters, and that the servants should only bring in the services. The custom of visiting during the dinner, not uncommon at Paris, seems contrary to every rule of politeness, as it disturbs the guests, and prevents the enjoyment of the repast. But the French talk so much during the dinner, that one would conceive they are anxious not to know what they are eating. The want of carpets in a French dining-room forms also, a great and unhealthy inconvenience.

The hour of invitation is marked in three ways. If it be *à six heures*, it is understood that the dinner will be served at seven; if *six heures précises*, it is half after six; if *six heures très-précises*, it is an invitation for six o'clock exactly. The art of arranging the guests, so that the characters and conversation may correspond, is regarded as the height of good breeding.

Among the finest wines of France are esteemed Clos Vougeot, Romanée, Chambertin, S. Georges, Pommard, Volnay, Vosne, Nuits, Beaune, Tonnere, Mâcon, La Fitte, Château Margot, S. Julien, S. Estephe, Pic-Pouille, Javel, S. Giles. The white wines are those of Montrachit, Mursault, Pouilly, Chablis, Sillery, Pierry, Ai, Sauterne, Grave, Barsac, Condrieu, Hermitage, Côte-Rotie, Rhenish, Moselle-Bar, &c. The sweet wines

served at the desert are those of Lunel, Frontignan, (which we call Frontiniac) and Rivesaltes, which last is esteemed the best. That of St. Peray, near the Rhone, which the eye cannot distinguish from water, is also excellent. The foreign wines are those of Malaga, Alicant, Xérès (Sherry), Pacaret, Madeira, Clazomène, Constantia, Calabria, Tokay, Lacrima-Christi, Canarie, &c. Nor should that called the wine of Syracuse be omitted. When it is considered that all the French wines have different and peculiar flavours, more or less acceptable to the stomach at particular times, and with various aliments, the luxury may be compared with our very homely port wine and claret.

The ordinary wines, common at Paris, are often those of Orleans, which rather load the stomach; and those of Lower Burgundy, which are also known under the name of Mâcon, though they chiefly come from the neighbourhood of Auxerre. These last are often healthy, nourishing, and generous, without being the least heady. But at the best tables, the ordinary wine is sometimes of a bad quality. The beer at Paris resembles our tablebeer, but is always in bottles. There are two kinds, the white and the red, the malt used in the latter being higher dried. What is called "double beer" approaches to our strong beer. *Bierre de Mars*, or March beer, is the most esteemed, and advertised at every public-house, though it can seldom be found within. The signs are often singularly improper; one of the best brewers at Paris lives at the Incarnation of the world, in the street Antoine.

Great quantities of cyder are brought from Normandy by the Seine, and lodged on the quay of the Louvre, where the venders may be found in a kind of sentry boxes. Another quay on the other side of the town, is often loaded with thousands of barrels of wine from Auxerre and Orleans. As the Normans do not make good keeping cyder, it is a winter drink at Paris, being always made in the preceding autumn. For the Parisians, who love sweets, it is also mixed with honey, &c. so as to be a corrupt and unwholesome beverage.

The *coup du milieu* is a recent refinement, which has passed from Bourdeaux to Paris. It is thus described by the modern Apicius:—"Between the *rôti* and *entremets*, that is about the

middle of dinner, you see at Bourdeaux the door of the dining-room open, and a young girl appear, between the age of eighteen and twenty-two, tall, fair, and well made; with features bespeaking affability. Her sleeves are tucked up to her shoulders; and she holds in one hand a tray of mahogany, replenished with glasses, and in the other a decanter of Jamaica rum, Wormwood wine, or that of Wermouth. This Hebe goes round the table, filling to each guest, and then retires in silence."

The glass is thought to restore the appetite to its original vigour.

The French *liqueurs* form another article of their luxury; and even those of the isles or West Indies are sold at less than one quarter of the price which they bear in London. The variety is also great; but many deservedly refuse this luxury, and use coffee. M. Grimod observes, that "coffee mixed with milk or cream, forms a common breakfast of nine tenths of the Parisian females, in spite of the inconveniences which result from its habitual use; the consequences of which are prejudicial to their health and freshness, and often cause the infidelity of a husband or lover." After dinner, and simply prepared with water, coffee is thought to assist the digestion; but many find it, on the contrary heating, and prejudicial.

To such a pitch is luxury carried by some, that their cooks regularly take medicines, in order to preserve the fineness of their palates and their sauces.

Fromage, or cheese, is a low term at Paris for any substance compressed. Thus a *fromage d'Italie* is a Bologna sausage, a *fromage glacé* is a kind of ice, &c. Animals killed by electricity are found to be singularly tender.

The French have only one term, *confitures*, for pickles and confections. The best preserved fruit at Paris is that of the *julian*, or green plum, here called those of queen Claude, but in the time of the revolution they were cried through the streets, *prunes de la citoyenne Claude*.

The master and mistress of the house generally sit opposite to each other, at the middle of the table, not, as with us, at the head and foot. They can thus converse with all the guests, and see that a proper attention is paid to each. The soup is distributed on the right and left alternately; and if there be few or

no ladies, it is passed from hand to hand, so that the nearest are the last served. In some houses glasses of sugar and water are presented two hours after the dinner, in order to assist the digestion; but it must be drank by mouthfuls and slowly, otherwise the intention will be defeated. Three or four hours after dinner, the guests escape one by one, and in silence; for to take leave would be thought as impolite as not to make the ceremonial visit of tacit acknowledgment, within a week after the dinner. Healths are rarely drank; but it is usual to clash the glasses as a token of intimate good will. Twelfth-cake and the king and queen of the *beau* now re-appear. On the birth-day of the master the servants often exhibit little fireworks.

The author of the *Almanach des Gourmands* has wisely added a chapter on indigestion, from which there are not a few sudden deaths at Paris. A beautiful lady died suddenly after a copious breakfast of oysters and new bread. This *arbitrarius* advises slow mastication; and he well observes the diversity and caprice of the stomach, which may be very strong in some respects, yet weak in regard to certain foods.

According to his decision, a great dinner is composed of four services. 1. The soups, the *hors d'œuvres*, *relevés* and *entrées*; 2. the roast meats and sallads; 3. the cold pastry and *entremets*; 4. the desert. The superiority of the French cookery is thus visible even in the language; and I know not that any translation has been attempted.

Among the fruit of France the peaches are excellent and cheap. The smooth peach, which we call nectarine, is common, and is called *brignolet*; but that called the *téton de Vénus*, which ripens towards the end of August, is preferred. The pears are excellent, especially the *cresanne* and *bon chrétien*. The most excellent grape for the desert, is what is called the *chasselas de Fontainbleau*, which over a golden colour presents a rich bloom. The best apples are, the *reINETTE* calulapi, &c. In the autumn, 1804, reinettes weighing more than a pound, and of excellent flavour, were brought from Tressancourt, two leagues beyond St. Germain. The chesnuts of Lyons are large and celebrated. Almonds ripen at Paris, and are highly beneficial to the stomach by diminishing acrimony from bile or other causes. In the form of orgeat they become a febrifuge.

Figs and melons, as already observed, never appear at the desert, but accompany the boiled beef.

The Wednesday club consists of lovers of good cheer, who assemble at Le Gacque's in the garden of the Thuilleries. The perpetual pot of the street Grands-Augustins, is said to have been in activity for more than a century; and is always well replenished with capons. Green pease are preserved in salt; when boiled they are thrown into cold water, which restores their freshness and colour; they are then warmed with butter and sugar. Sugar also is often used with spinach.

The best oysters come from Dieppe, Cancale, Marrène, Etretal, and Grandville. Cahors is celebrated for partridges, wine, truffles, eels, cheese, and fine bread; and is thus of singular eminence in Apician geography.

Gluttony is of all ages. A little boy, in the middle of a great repast, having no longer any appetite, began to cry; being asked the cause, "Oh (says he) I can eat no more."—"But put some in your pockets."—"Alas, they are full," replied the child. A little girl hearing a conversation, whether gluttony or liquorishness gave the most pleasure, said, "I prefer being liquorish, because it does not take away the appetite." Children, and even women will pocket sweetmeats from the table, while in other countries such a practice would savour of very bad breeding. After eating eggs it is usual to break the shells, a fragment of ancient superstition, as it was thought that witches made use of them to procure shipwrecks.

The bustard and the cock of the woods, or in French, of the heath, about the size of a peacock, are not unusual in the shops of eatables at Paris. The latter is chiefly from the mountains of Vosges.

So much for the luxury of the table; the luxury of the houses is often extreme, particularly in the boudoir. Windows over the fire-place were invented for a farmer-general, who was confined by the gout, and wished to enjoy the prospect of his garden. The luxury of equipages is on the increase, but that of beautiful jockies must be passed in silence, though known even by advertisements in the newspapers; the worshippers of Venus, or, as they are here called, *amateurs*, may at Paris gratify every taste and caprice with females of all countries and complexions;

moral liberty being complete, and aberrations only reprobated by ridicule, while civil liberty does not find the climate so favourable. Nor must the luxury of the theatres be forgotten, particularly the grand and expensive opera: so that in this respect, Paris probably rivals Rome, or any other luxurious metropolis ancient or modern.

MUSIC.

Extracts from Milton relative to Music.

MILTON, as stated in the last number, was a skilful performer on the organ. The following passage proves how well he understood, and how completely he felt the effects produced by this sublimest of instruments :

" But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness thro' mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes."

Il Penseroso, ver. 155, *et seq.*

How forcibly, how eloquently, how completely do these lines describe our feelings on entering one of our venerable cathedrals, while the service of some of our fine church composers is performing, when,

" Swelling organs lift the rising soul."

How accurately is every striking feature in the building depicted, and each part, that tends to inspire the mind with awe and reverence, brought to our recollection. Surely nothing can

more elevate the soul above the cares and anxieties of the world, than the awful solemnity of the cathedral worship when performed in one of those majestic structures. Milton was early inspired with a reverence for these sublime edifices, and the service performed in them; for while a boy, at St. Paul's school, he constantly attended public worship at the old cathedral, which, so far as we can judge from the plates and descriptions which remain of it, was one of the finest specimens of ancient Gothic architecture in England. This early impression, not all the fanatical cant and puritanical illiberality of his republican friends could ever efface. Indeed Milton's soul was too great to be cramped and fettered by the narrow prejudices of the bigotted associates of Cromwell. An expression, in the above passage, was afterwards used by Tickell, in his lines on the death of Addison :

"What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ, and the pausing quire."

And Pope certainly was indebted to Milton, for the idea of the following lines,

"Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light."

Epistle of Eloisa to Abeldard, v. 143 & 144.

"Ring out ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony."

Ode on the morning of Christ's nativity, ver. 125, et seq.

"In deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial syrens' harmony, -
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of men and gods is wound.

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,
 And keep unsteady nature to her law,
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould with gross unpurged ear."

Arcades, ver. 61, et seq.

Milton has here given us Plato's system of the harmony of the spheres. In order to explain the passage, I cannot do better than transcribe Mr. Wharton's account of this singular doctrine. "Fate, or Necessity, holds a spindle of adamant, and, with her three daughters, who handle the vital web around the spindle, she conducts or turns the heavenly bodies. Nine Muses, or Syrens, sit on the summit of the spheres, which, in their revolutions, produce the most ravishing musical harmony. To this harmony, the three daughters of Necessity perpetually sing, in correspondent tones. In the mean time, the adamantine spindle is also revolved. This music of the spheres, proceeding from the rapid motion of the Heavens, is so loud, various and sweet, as to exceed all aptitude or proportion of the human ear, and therefore is not heard by men. Moreover, this spherical music consists of eight unisonous melodies; the ninth is a concentration of all the rest, or a diapason of all those eight melodies, which diapason, or *concentus*, the nine Syrens sing or address to the Supreme Being." Milton was probably indebted to Shakspeare for the first idea on this subject:

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
 But, in his motion, like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims.
 Such harmony is in immortal souls!
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Merchant of Venice, Act 5, sc. 1.

Perhaps the passage above quoted, from the Ode on the Nativity, suggested to Dryden one of the lines in his first Ode on St. Cecilia's day:

"From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
 This universal frame began:

From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes, it ran;
The diapason closing full in man."

Dryden's Ode, ver. 10. et seq.

In an organ, the stop called the diapason* is the lowest in pitch, and is consequently the base, or foundation, on which the rest of the instrument is built. It serves to bind, unite and *close* the other stops together, and to give strength and grandeur to the whole. Thus Milton and Dryden, in the following lines, seem to have taken their ideas from the effect or use of this stop :

" And let your silver chime, '
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow."
" Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man."

MISCELLANY.

DEAN SWIFT'S CURE FOR FORGETFULNESS.

A SHOEMAKER of Dublin had a longing desire to work for dean Swift; he was recommended by Mr. James Swift, the banker, and Mr. Sican, a merchant. The dean gave him an order for a pair of boots, adding, " When shall I have them?" " On Saturday next," said the shoemaker. " I hate disappointments," rejoined the prelate, " nor would have you disappoint others: set your own time, but keep to it." " I thank your reverence," said Bamerick, for that was his name, " I desire no longer time than Saturday se'nnight, when you will be sure to have them without fail."

They parted, and the boots were finished to the time; but, through the hurry of business, Mr. Bamerick forgot to carry

* Had Dr. Johnson possessed a little of Milton's musical knowledge, he would have endeavoured to give a more satisfactory definition of this word, than merely saying that, " Diapason is a term in music."

them home until Monday evening. When the dean drew the boots on and found them to his mind, he said, "Mr. Bamerick, you have answered the commendations of your friends, but you have disappointed me, for I was to have been at sir Arthur Axherson's, in the county of Armagh, on this day." "Indeed! indeed, sir!" said Bamerick, "the boots were finished to the time, but I forgot to bring them home."

The dean then gave him one of his stern looks; and after a pause, asked him whether he understood gardening as well as bootmaking? Bamerick answered, "No, sir: but I have seen some very fine gardens in England." "Come," said the dean, in a good humoured tone, "I will show you improvements I have made in the deanery garden."

They walked through the garden to the further end, when the dean started, as if recollecting something; "I must step in," said he; "stay here till I come back:" then he ran out of the garden, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Bamerick walked about till it grew dark, and not seeing the dean, he at last ventured to follow him, but found the door locked; he knocked, and called several times to no purpose, and at length perceived himself confined between high walls, the night dark and cold, in the month of March. However, he had not the least suspicion of his being intentionally confined.

The deanery servants went to bed at the usual hour, and the dean remained in his study until two o'clock in the morning. He then went into the hall, and drew the charge out of a blunderbuss, and other fire arms; then returned and rang his bell. He was immediately attended by one of his servants. "Robert," said he, "I have been much disturbed with noise on the garden side, I fear some robbers have broken in; give me a lanthorn, and call up Saunders." The dean then took the lanthorn and staid by the arms until the men returned. "Arm yourselves," said he, "and follow me." He led them into the garden, where the light soon attracted poor Bamerick, who came running up to them. Upon his approach, the dean roared out, "there's the robber, shoot him, shoot him." Saunders presented, and Bamerick, terrified to death, fell on his knees and begged his life. The dean held the lanthorn to the man's face, and then gravely

exclaimed, "Mercy on us, Mr. Bamerick how came you here?" "Lord! "sir," said Bamerick, "don't you remember leaving me here in the evening!" "Ah, true, friend," said the dean, "but I forgot it as you did the boots:" and turning round to Robert, who was butler, he added, "give the man some warm wine and see him safe home."

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE OF WOMEN.

Mr. Ledyard was a native of America: he accompanied capt. Cooke round the world, travelled on foot through more than half of the globe, and died in Egypt in the year 1788. The following characteristic anecdote, related by him, is not less beautiful than just. "I have always observed," says this careful observer of manners, "that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane: that they are inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; and that they do not, like man, hesitate to perform a generous action. Not haughty, arrogant, or supercilious, they are full of courtesy, and fond of society? more liable in general to err than man; but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer; with man, it has been often otherwise. In wandering through the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, (so worthy to be called benevolence,) their actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry I ate the coarsest morsel, with a double relish." What a beautiful eulogium, and how justly due!

A GUIDE TO OLD AGE.

The late archbishop of Seville, in Spain, lived to the extraordinary age of 100 years, eight months and fourteen days. He used to tell his friends, when asked what regimen he observed

to be even at that age in the full enjoyment of every faculty :—
 “ By being old when I was young, I find myself young, now I am old.”

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE OF THE ABBE DE RANÉE,

The founder of the celebrated convent of Latrape in France.

The abbe de Ranée; who though a priest, had even from his youth, been led and domineered by that spirit of dissipation and profligacy which characterises the deluded votaries of worldly pleasures, owed his conversion to the following interesting and melancholy circumstance :—Ranée had long kept a secret intrigue with the beautiful countess of N——, whom he tenderly loved. That lady, once when he had been absent for some time from the place where she lived, was taken with such a violent illness that she, almost instantly, died. Some days after, Ranée returned, and ignorant of what had happened in his absence, as usual repaired at night, by a private door, to the countess's chamber: he entered it with all the glowing eagerness of impatient love, and there, by the gloomy twinkling of a solitary lamp, he beheld a spectacle, even beyond all what death can present of most awful and terrible. The coffin that had been made for the countess being too short, her head had been with the most savage brutality, severed from the body; and that head, ghastly, dishevelled, and still reeking with blood, was carelessly thrown on the toilet, whilst the coffin, into which the mutilated corpse had been forced, was open to the view. At this lamentable sight, the heart of the unfortunate man sunk within him, and it was but from the sudden terror that so convulsively shook his whole frame, that he could collect sufficient strength to retire from the scene of complicated horror. In the death of his beloved mistress, Ranée was so tremendously struck with the uncertainty and vanity of life, that, from that very moment, he abandoned a delusive world, whose highest enjoyments are but the transitory shade of a moment, and which seems to exalt our hope, but to make us the more severely feel all the bitterness of disappointment. Wretchedness and remorse will instinctively turn the wandering steps of the worldly and profligate to the consoling and forsaken path of religion, the heavenly spirit of which can alone sooth the per-

turbed mind, and heal the wounded heart: thus Raneé retired into a deep solitude, and, some years after, founded the convent of Latrape, where he lived and died in penitence and sanctity. Most of the monks of that celebrated convent, had been like Raneé, brought to a sense of religion, by some unexpected and extraordinary reverse. Their discipline was more severe than in any other religious institution, not only in France but in all christendom: and yet, notwithstanding the austerity of their lives, those who had before the French revolution visited Latrape, say that even in the highest and most envied circles of life, they never witnessed countenances expressive of such ineffable contentment and peace, as was to be seen on the hallowed visages of those venerable anchorites. Some of them had even for scores of years, bent their bodies under the lash of penitence, and bathed with the daily tears of their contrite hearts, those sacred avenues to awful eternity.

An Irishman purchased the sixteenth of a lottery ticket, for which, as they were high, he paid a guinea and a half. In a few days it came up a twenty pound, and on application at the lottery office, he received three and twenty shillings for his share.—“Well,” says Pat, “I’m glad its no worse; as it was but a *twenty pound*, I have only lost *eight and sixpence*; but if it had been a *twenty thousand* I must have been ruined.”

THE SMILE.

The late ingenious and learned Dr. Darwin thus explains the origin of the smile:—“The smile,” says he, in his *Temple of Nature*, “has generally been ascribed to inexplicable instinct, but may be deduced from our early association of action and ideas. In the act of sucking, the lips of the infant are closed round the nipple of its mother, till it has filled its stomach, and the pleasure of digesting this grateful food succeeds; then the sphincter of the mouth, fatigued by the continued action of sucking, is relaxed, and the antagonist muscles of the face gently acting, produce the smile of pleasure, which is thus, during our lives, associated with gentle pleasure.

A SINGULAR FACT IN THE BRUTE CREATION.

A citizen of Berlin had a very little lap-dog which ran about a back-yard belonging to the house, where some poultry was kept. It happened that when the creature was pregnant, there was in the yard among the fowls a turkey-cock: the turkey-cock, upon the little dog's coming into the yard as usual, ran after it, making a noise, and striking it with his beak. This was often repeated, the dog always running away, greatly terrified. The poor persecuted animal some time afterwards produced a puppy, which had a head greatly resembling that of its enemy the turkey-cock, not only in its external appearance, but in the very bones themselves; the rest of the body was that of a dog in its natural state. This monster died soon after its birth, and was dissected by an eminent surgeon, by whom the skeleton is still preserved.

—

Though every man cannot arrive at the *perfection* of taste, yet it may be necessary he should be sufficiently instructed not to be deceived in his judgment concerning the claim of it in others. To this end the following queries may be applied with singular advantage. Is the pretender to taste *proud*?—Is he a *coxcomb*?—Is he a *spendthrift*?—Is he a *gamester*?—Is he a *slanderer*?—Is he a *bad neighbour*?—A *sham patriot*—A *false friend*?—By this short catechism, every youth, even of the most slender capacity, may be capable of determining who is *not* a man of taste.

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An honest Jack tar, would be coached up to London from Deptford, but thought it a very unbecoming thing in him, who had just been paid off, and had plenty of money, not to have a whole coach to himself; of course he took all the places, seating himself at the same time on the top. The coach was about to set off, when a gentleman appeared, who was holding an altercation with the coachman, on the absurdity of his insisting that all the seats were taken, and not a person in the coach. Jack overhearing highwords, thought as he had paid full freight he had a right to interfere, and inquired what was the matter. On being told that the gentleman was much disappointed at not getting a seat, he

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replied—"You lubber, stow him away in the hold, but I'll be d——d if he come upon deck."

The earl of Berkeley brother to the admiral of leopard memory, had lately the following very perilous adventure:—Walking in the deer park with his son, a child, his lordship was attacked by an *American* deer, whose horns he immediately seized with both hands, and kept fast hold thereof, when thrown down and trampled on by the furious animal. In this situation, he desired the child not to be afraid, but to take from his (the father's) pocket a large knife, and therewith to stab the deer and to cut his throat if possible. The son, worthy of such an intrepid sire, obeyed his father's orders, but had not strength to sever the wind pipe, and completely cut the deer's throat. He did however, by frequent stabs, occasion the creature to lose much blood and to run away. Lord Berkeley was quite exhausted; but has recovered from the injury he received.

OPIE THE PAINTER.

This celebrated artist was raised from the lowest state of mechanical life by Dr. Walcott (commonly called Peter Pindar) who discovered the boy's genius and instructed him in drawing.—In his gratitude he voluntarily gave the following curious note to the doctor, which still remains in his possession;

"I promise to paint for Dr. Walcott, any picture or pictures he may demand as long as I live; otherwise I desire the world will consider me as a d——d ungrateful son of a ——. Opie never swerved from this voluntary obligation, but he always made his friend pay eighteen pence for the canvass."

Through doctor Walcott his pictures were shown to Mr. Boscawen, by whom Opie was introduced to the late Mrs. Delany, who procured for him the notice of his majesty. An opportunity was contrived for the royal family to see his *old beggar man*; soon after which Opie was honoured with a command to repair to Buckingham house. The artist's account of this interview was given in the following characteristic manner to Dr. Walcott who has often been heard to relate it with great humour. "There was Mr. West (said Opie,) in the room, and another gentleman. First her majesty came in; and I made a sad mistake in respect to her, till I saw her

face, and discovered by her features that she was the queen. In a few minutes afterwards his majesty came *hopping in*; I believe because he did not wish to frighten me. He looked at the pictures and liked them; but he whispered to Mr. West "tell the young man I can only pay a gentleman's price for them." The picture which his majesty bought was *a man struck blind by lightning*. The price given was ten pounds, with which Opie returned to the doctor full of spirits. His friend, when he heard the story, said "why John, thou hast got only eight pounds for thy picture." "Indeed but I have though," cried Opie, "for I have the ten pounds safe in my pocket." On this he showed him the money "Ay," rejoined the doctor "but dost thou know that his majesty has got the frame for nothing, and that was worth two pounds." "D—— it, so he has," cried Opie. "I'll go back, and knock at the door and ask for the frame: d—— it, I will." He was actually about to put his resolve in execution till dissuaded, with some difficulty, by the doctor.

A new mode of keeping an inexhaustible supply of old wine.

An intelligent old innkeeper on the coast of Sussex in the neighbourhood of Hastings, happened to have a right good cask of famous old port wine, in his badly stored cellar: when a detachment of British troops, marched into his neighbourhood; fearful lest his wine would not hold out, against the consumption of the mess of a British regiment, he every night regularly, filled up the consumption of the day, with the new stuff, purchased on the strand, from his smuggling friends, and so preserved his honour, and his old port pure in character.

The prince of Conti, being highly pleased with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier at the siege of Phillipsburgh, in 1734, threw him his purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contained, as being too poor a reward for his courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the prince with a couple of diamond rings, and other jewels of considerable value. "Sir," said he, "the gold I found in your purse I suppose your highness intended for me; but these I bring back as having no claim to them."—"You have, soldier," answered the

prince, "doubly deserved them, by your bravery, and by your honesty; therefore they are yours."

In the year 1760, Breslau, a town in Prussian Silesia, was besieged by 30,000 Austrians, under the command of the celebrated Laudohn. The Prussian general Tauentzien, with only 3000 men, successfully defended the place. Laudohn, impatient at his obstinacy, declared to the Prussian general, that if he compelled him to storm the town, "he would not even spare the infant in the womb." To this barbarous summons Tauentzien humorously replied, "I am not with child, neither are any of my soldiers; I shall then hold out as long as I can."

NIGHTINGALES.

A curious circumstance is mentioned by the philosopher Kircherus, "that the young nightingales which are hatched under other birds never sing till they are instructed by the company of other nightingales:" and Mr. Pennant affirms, that the nightingales that visit Scotland have not the same harmony as those of Italy; which would lead us to suspect, that the singing of birds, like human music, is an artificial language, rather than a natural expression of passion.

When the great earl of Stair, was ambassador in Holland, he gave frequent entertainments, to which the foreign ministers were constantly invited, not excepting even those of France, though hostilities were then commencing between the two countries. In return, the French resident as constantly invited the English and Austrian ambassadors upon the like occasions. The French minister was a man of considerable wit and vivacity.—One day he proposed a health in these terms: "The rising Sun," (my master.) Alluding to the motto of Louis fourteenth, which was pledged by the whole company. It then came to the baron de Riesbach's turn to give a health, and he, in the same humour, gave "the moon and fixed stars," in compliment to the empress queen. When it came to the English ambassador's turn, the eyes of all the company were turned upon him, but no way

daunted he drank his master by the name of "Joshua the son of Nun, who made the sun and moon to stand still."

PRINCE ORLOFF.

When prince Potemkin succeeded prince Orloff as favourite to the late Catharine, empress of Russia, Orloff met him going up the palace stairs, that led to the apartment of the empress.—Potemkin, accosting him in a polite and familiar manner, asked the news of the court. Orloff replied, "Nothing but you are going *up*, and I am going *down*."

Copy of a letter from Ann Onymous in London, to her sisters in the country, giving them the history of a numerous race of people, not before noticed by historians.

London.

DEAR SISTERS,

As I engaged to send you any little anecdote from this city, which might be likely to afford you half an hour's entertainment, I take this opportunity to forward you the remarkable account of a very numerous race, which seems to have escaped the notice of historians and biographers that I am acquainted with: the following is copied from the author's manuscript, who is one of the important characters described.

Your affectionate sister,

ANN ONYMOUS.

MEMOIRS OF THE SEVERAL BRANCHES OF MY OWN ANCIENT,
NUMEROUS AND RESPECTABLE FAMILY AND NAMESAKES.

By way of prefatory introduction I would just premise, that, as many eminent characters, in different ages of the world, have, without charge of egotism, left to posterity some account of the most remarkable circumstances and events which have befallen themselves or their forefathers, I likewise, from motives equally pure and disinterested, propose to offer a short history of my family, and those who are called by my name, which appears to me to embrace as great a variety of incident and anecdote, as is to be found in the celebrated lives of Martinus Scriblerus, Gulliver, or Robinson Crusoe; and to those who prefer truth to fiction, it will be more acceptable.

In point of antiquity, we claim precedence of the most ancient nobles of the land; the oldest of these cannot trace their ancestors

further back than the Norman conquerors, but our predecessors existed in the very remote ages of the world. They were present with Noah in the ark. When Sampson left Gaza for fear of the Philistines, two of them accompanied him. One of them was present when Eli conversed with Hannah; and it was generally understood they contributed largely to the building of Solomon's temple. Thence down to the present day, our numbers have increased, and our usefulness is universally felt; there's not a miller or a farmer in this country, who is not beholden to us for the support of his mill, or the defence of his farm from depredators. To the weary traveller, panting for his journey's end, in a country where he is lost and bewildered, we kindly point the road. In the gloom of the evening, when the young tradesman is in fond pursuit of *tete-a-tete* in a distant part of the city, we direct his hastening steps to the house of his friend. Not so accommodating are we to the culprit, whose clandestine pranks subject him to the lash of the law; we stand unmoved at his cries, and tacitly acquiesce and assist in his merited flagellation. At the innkeeper's door, like a centinel on permanent duty, we kindly take our stand, to invite the weary traveller in: thus are we exposed to the inclemency of the weather, with only a slight covering, which fits so close, that our shapes appear as palpable as those of any modern belle.

We are now dispersed through every quarter of the globe, and every villager in Europe is intimately acquainted with our services. In Holland, we are very numerous and in great request: indeed it is not to be wondered that we are so much resorted to by the Dutch, for it is said that we are the very foundation and support of the city of Amsterdam, and if we were once to desert them, it would be the ruin of their country. We were never known to betray the secret and private conversation of female friends; and in gratitude to our inflexible taciturnity, we are admitted to that freedom which no mortal man besides dares lay claim to; we are admitted into their chambers; and even those who are possessed of a superlative share of feminine charms, both mental and personal, scruple not to disrobe in our presence; thus does the most virtuous among them yet know no shame.

The second branch of our family, in point of antiquity, though not in honour and emolument, I will now attempt to describe. From

the king to the constable, all in the service of government are paid for maintaining us; and the money that naval, civil and military officers receive on our account, exceeds all calculation, and would, I am persuaded, in the course of a few years completely liquidate the national debt. We are, nevertheless, by some of these shamefully treated, and sometimes wholly neglected. Not so by all—among the heroes of the present age, we have been defended to the last extremity from falling into the hands of the enemy; and rather than surrender the possession of us, they have generously resolved to forfeit their lives in our defence. It is a little surprising, that none of us were ever dignified with a title, when it is considered we have ever been favourites at court. It is generally believed the king could not reign without us. Admirals and generals would sink into plebeians, did they not possess us; even Buonaparte himself, deprived of us, could no longer rule the continent of Europe.

Now to return from the court to the city—we rank high in a mercantile point of view, and are by all considered as an indispensable medium for transacting the business of the merchant and the trader; even the distant nymph, experiencing a temporary separation from her beloved swain, claims from us some tidings of the man she loves. For transacting the multiplicity of business with which we are intrusted, we have offices in all the principal towns in the kingdom; our clerks are numerous and respectable—even noblemen have been known to enrol their names among the list of our officers. One of us, from the extent of his authority throughout the nation, is stiled a general, and his head-quarters is always Lombard street, London. Our common men, who serve under this before-mentioned général, are continually upon the alert; they hand to one consolation, to another despair; good news to some, to others bad; money to some merchants, to others nought but promises. Our boys and our horses are noted for speed; our carriages are constructed for pleasure and agreeable travelling. In short, the honours which attach to some of us, the profit and the pleasures to others, is a proof that our consequence in the world, (though entirely overlooked by the biographer and historian,) are a sufficient apology for these memoirs.

P. S. As I am much puzzled to find out to what particular class of men the above alludes, will thank any intelligent reader for an explanation in prose or verse.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF SUPERSTITION.

Without doubt, my dear A——, you are persuaded that women of the tenderest sensibility are always the most superstitious. In admiring Sappho, who precipitated herself into the sea, and Celia, who swam across the Tiber, you imagine that we can never again meet with women of their character. Well, learn what a young girl of Zante has performed, who, if she had lived among the Greeks or Romans, would have been capable of yet greater things.

Helen Mataranga, aged twenty years, lately witnessed the decease of a young man of her village, whom she had loved. She was to have married him; but her parents from interested motives, had compelled her to marry another. The night after his interment, Helen saw the phantom of her lover standing in silence at the foot of her bed; it appeared to her on the second and third nights immediately following. She at first imagined that her lover's soul was in purgatory, and that it came to demand relief of her: in consequence of which she caused two masses to be said, distributed bread and money to the poor, and sent an offering of a fat sheep to the convent of Panagia. The spectre continued not the less its regular appearance; on the contrary, it afterwards appeared as she began to sleep. How then was she to be delivered? Superstition furnished the means, and here they are:—

One night, when her husband was at a neighbouring village, she rises, takes with her a hammer and nails, goes barefooted to the burying ground, takes the body of her lover out of the earth; and notwithstanding the fœtid odour and the corruption it exhales, she embraced it repeatedly, bathed it with her tears, and then drove four large nails through the hands and feet. Having thus fastened it to the earth, she returned home, passed the remainder of the night in tranquillity; and from that time the spectre discontinued its visits.

What an unheard of mixture of courage, superstition and love! Picture to yourself this young girl, in the middle of the night, terrified at the sight of a phantom; behold her leaving her home, approaching the tomb of her lover—feeling round it—recognizing

it—uncovering it—suffering the almost insupportable odour—embracing it!—What agitated feelings! What chilling perspiration! How much the fear of being surprised must perturb her soul and freeze her senses. Yet this woman, whose sensibilities in ancient times, would have been celebrated on the theatres of Greece, was on the point of being punished with the utmost severity.

A Persian emperor, when hunting, perceived a very old man planting a walnut tree, and advancing towards him, asked his age. The peasant replied, "I am four years old." An attendant rebuked him for uttering such absurdity in the presence of the emperor. "You censure me without cause," replied the peasant, "I did not speak without reflection; for the wise do not reckon that time which has been lost in folly and the care of the world; I therefore consider that to be my real age which has been passed in serving the Deity, and discharging my duty to society." The emperor, struck with the singularity of the remark, observed, "Thou canst not hope to see the trees thou art planting come to perfection."—"True," answered the sage, "but since others have planted that we might eat, it is right that we should plant for the benefit of others."—"Excellent," exclaimed the emperor; upon which, as was the custom whenever any one was honoured with the applause of the sovereign, a purse-bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold. On receiving them, the shrewd peasant made a low obeisance, and added, "O king, other men's trees come to perfection in the space of forty years, but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted." "Bravo!" said the monarch, and a second purse of gold was presented; when the old man exclaimed, "The trees of others bear fruit only once a year, but mine have yielded two crops in one day." "Delightful!" exclaimed the emperor, and a third purse of gold was given; after which, putting spurs to his horse, the monarch retreated, saying, "Reverend father I dare not stay longer, lest thy wit should exhaust my treasury."

CANDOUR.

"Much may be said on both sides." Hark I hear
 A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear,
 The voice of Candour. Hail most solemn sage,
 Thou driv'ling virtue of this moral age;
 Candour, which softens party's headlong rage,
 Candour, which spares its foes, nor e'er descends
 With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
 Candour, which loves in see-saw strain to tell
 Of acting foolishly, but meaning well,
 Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
 Convinc'd that all men's motives are the same,
 And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
 Black's not so black, nor white so very white.

* * * * *

"Give me th' avow'd, th' erect, the manly foe,
 Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow;
 But of all plagues, good heav'n, thy wrath can send,
 Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend!"

ANTI-JACOBIN.

"If it's abuse, one is always sure to hear of it from one damned good-natured friend or another."

SHERIDAN.

THERE is a certain thing called Candour. Some pretend that it is an impartiality of judgment; others, more severe, say that it is a malicious inclination to slander, couched under an appearance of benevolence, and therefore ironically named Candour. Be this as it will, certain it is that nothing can be more impartial or less bigotted in favour of its objects of praise than this soi-disante virtue; for though it begins its remarks with all the flowers of panegyric, yet that no one may suppose the objects to be immaculate and perfect, and therefore despair or envy, it ends in the enumeration of vices or defects by way of counterpoise. Let us suppose this Candour giving an account of some great characters; it would perhaps speak in this wise;

WRITERS OF ANTIQUITY.

Homer, a great poet, and a blind beggar.

Demosthenes, a man of amazing eloquence and cowardice.

Sappho, an elegant poetess and harlot.

Æsop, a philosopher and lump of deformity.

Herodotus, a beautiful historian and great liar.

Thucydides, an authentic historian, who did not understand grammar.

Aristotle, the prodigy of philosophy, who wrote without understanding himself.

Virgil, a beautiful poet and abominable flatterer.

Horace, an excellent lyric and satiric poet, who indulged in all the vices he satirized.

Cicero, a philosopher and turncoat.

GENERALS.

Alexander, a great conqueror and drunkard.

Duke of Vendome, a hero and a sluggard.

Charles of Sweden, a prodigy of bravery and folly.

Marlborough, a great general and fop.

ENGLISH WRITERS.

Shakspeare, the first of poets and a deer-stealer.

Otway, a man of genius and an egregious fool.

Johnson, the philosopher and brute.

Porson, a wonderful and elegant scholar, and a blackguard.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

Amos, the prophet and cow-boy.

Paul, the zealous apostle, three feet high.

Thus does Candour murder characters by first mentioning excellencies, then totally destroying the favourable impression by naming some great vice or defect, though perhaps the only one, and even invisible to any eye but the eye of Candour. Heaven defend me from the *candid*!

ROOKS DESTROYED.

AN ASH TREE was lately blown down at Barton upon Humber, in England, which contained within its limits a rookery of one hun-

dred nests. Upon measurement it was found to contain upwards of three hundred feet of sound timber, the bole alone measuring twenty-two feet and a half in length, by ten in girth.

ROYAL LUCK.

When pope Sextus the fifth heard that Elizabeth, queen of England, had beheaded her rival, the queen of Scotland, he cried out, in a kind of enthusiastic frenzy, "What a lucky woman, to taste the delight of striking off a crowned head."

DOCTOR LINE.

This noted Irish physician, who died of the small pox at the age of eighty-five, built a house in a peculiar manner, so as to have the full benefit of the circulation of the air. Every window had another opposite to it, none of which he ever suffered to be shut or glazed. The room in which he slept had four open windows, two on each side of his bed. It was remarked that, for fifty years together nobody died in his house. He carried this doctrine to such an excess, as to contend that no house could be wholesome where a dog could not get in under the door, and a bird at the window. Upon his death, his son had all the windows glazed; soon after which, several persons were *buried out of the house*.

The present king of England concurred a little in this practice of Dr. Line. In the rooms where he and his family reside, he never suffers a carpet to be laid; and in the chimney places will allow but a very scanty portion of fire—barely enough to aid the circulation of the air and prevent damp.

The Welch are remarkable for never hanging felons. The following bon mot is recorded of a modern counsellor. The judge, upon the road, observing some sheep in an insulated spot, where the tide or the flood menaced them with speedy death, said, "nothing can save these sheep." "My lord," replied a barrister, "do not you think a Welch jury can?" A juryman being asked, in a case of palpable evidence, why he and his brethren gave a verdict of acquittal, replied, "What, would you have hur hang hur own countryman?"

Mr. Cumberland, the present father of English literature, elegantly and wisely remarks on the subject of letters:

"There is no sure way of providing against the natural ills that flesh is heir to, but by the cultivation of the mind. The senses can do little for us, and nothing lasting. When they have for a time enjoyed every thing they can wish for, they will ultimately be led to wish for what they can no longer enjoy. A man, who wants mental powers, wants every thing; for though Fortune were to heap superfluities of every species upon him, the very overflowings of prosperity would destroy his peace; as an abundance of things without can never compensate for a vacuity within."

RELIQUES OF ROBERT BURNS.

"Those of either sex, but particularly the female, who are lukewarm in that most important of all things, religion.

"Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret! I will lay before you the outlines of my belief. He, who is our author and preserver, and will one day be our judge, must be (not for his sake in the way of duty, but from the native impulse of our hearts) the object of our reverential awe and grateful adoration. He is almighty and all bounteous; we are weak and dependant; hence prayer and every other sort of devotion. 'He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting life;' consequently it must be in every one's power to embrace his offer of 'everlasting life;' otherwise he could not, in justice, condemn those who did not. A mind, pervaded, actuated and governed, by purity, truth and charity, though it does not *merit* heaven, yet is an absolutely necessary pre-requisite, without which heaven can neither be obtained nor enjoyed; and by divine promise, such a mind shall never fail of attaining 'everlasting life;' hence, the impure, the deceiving and the uncharitable, exclude themselves from eternal bliss by their unfitness for enjoying it. The Supreme Being has put the immediate administration of all this, for wise and good ends, best known to himself, into the hands of Jesus Christ, a great personage, whose relation to him we cannot comprehend; but whose relation to us is a guide and saviour; and who, except for our own obstinacy and misconduct, will bring us all, through various ways and by various means, to bliss at last.

These are my tenets. My creed is pretty nearly expressed in the last clause of Jamie Dean's grace, an honest weaver in Ayrshire: 'Lord, grant that we may lead a gude life ! for a gude end, at least it helps weel.'

"Coarse minds are not aware how much they injure the keenly-feeling tie of bosom friendship, when in their foolish officiousness, they mention what nobody cares for recollecting. People of nice sensibility and generous minds, have a certain intrinsic dignity that fires at being trifled with, or lowered, or even too nearly approached.

"My definition of worth is short. Truth and humanity respecting our fellow creatures; reverence and humility in the presence of that Being, my creator and preserver, and who, I have every reason to believe, will one day be my judge. The first part of my definition is the creature of unbiassed instinct; the last is the child of after reflection. Where I found these two essentials, I would gently note and slightly mention any attendant flaws—flaws, the marks and consequences of human nature."

The annexed stanzas were composed by Burns, when he was seventeen:

I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing,
Gayly in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds' singing,
By a falling crystal stream:

Straight the sky grew black and daring,
Through the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring
O'er the swelling drumlie wave.

Such was life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But lang ere noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.

Though fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
She promis'd fair—perform'd but ill;
Of many a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart supports me still."

The following beautiful verses are in the collection written by one John Lepraik, and composed at a time when his wife was fretting over their misfortunes. It is mentioned by Burns, in one of his poetical epistles, in these terms:

" There was a sang amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thrill'd the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life.

SONG.

When I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain;
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane, who ance were twain.

A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the melting kiss;
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love;
But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish? It's a' for thee;
I ken thy wish is me to please:
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze.

Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
Nor Envy's set find aught to blame:
And aye when weary cares arise,
' Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there and take my rest;
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drap a tear.

Hae I a joy? its a' her ain,
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.

We are almost inclined to mingle tears with smiles, on reading these simple lines, written extempore by Burns, on being appointed to the excise:

Searching auld wives' barrels,
 Oeh, oh! the day!
 That clarty barm* should stain my laurels,
 But—what'll ye say?
 These moving things, ca'd wives and weanst,
 Wad move the very hearts o' stanes.

IMPORTANT LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE work entitled *European Settlements in America*, has long been considered as the production of the immortal Burke. For some reason not easily accounted for, the volumes remained unacknowledged and undenied by him, though their reputation was not unworthy of such an author. Even the high compliment paid to it by professor Robertson, in a note to his *History of America*, availed not to bring forth the illustrious author's claims. It must be interesting to the literary world at large, and particularly to the readers of this country, to learn that that admirable book has been published some months back by Stockdale in Piccadilly, London, as "THE WORK OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDMUND BURKE;" that an advertisement affixed to it affirms, that Edmund Burke was certainly the author of it, and that the writer saw the receipt for the copy money in Mr. Burke's hand-writing—the consideration being fifty guineas.

It is worth while to look back and see what were the opinions and judgments formed by men of talents at certain periods of time, and to compare them with succeeding events. In this view the sentiments of this work must deserve attention.

EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL CASE.

Upon opening the body of a man who died last year in Guy's hospital, London, sixteen large clasp knives, such as are used by sailors, were found in the stomach and intestines. The hafts of them were entirely decomposed, and the iron work partly so. The account given by himself was, that several years ago he had swallowed six of his mess-mates' knives in a drunken frolic, and that feeling no immediate bad consequences, he had on two subsequent

* Dirty yeast.

† Children.

occasions swallowed twelve or thirteen more. For these two years past he had applied, at frequent intervals, for admission into various hospitals, and he was uniformly dismissed as an impostor, on telling his strange story. He was received into Guy's only a few weeks before his death, after having been stripped and minutely examined by Doctor Babington and Mr. Astley Cooper.

TITLE OF A BILL.

The following title of a bill, passed through the house of commons of Great Britain, presents the most crowded collection of epithets we ever recollect to have seen employed to make out the cognomen of an act of parliament: "The stage-coach outside-passengers' numerical limitation bill." We surely want another act to be called, "The act of parliament substantive-adjective numerical limitation bill;" and an act of parliament, like a stage-coach, should be "licensed to carry not exceeding four" cognomens.

AN ECLIPSE HISSED.

The following national trait is recorded in a note to the novel of *Corinna*: "It having been announced at Bologna, that an eclipse of the sun would take place at two o'clock in the day, the people collected in the market-place to behold it, and, impatient at its delay, called for it with petulance, as they would for an actor who made them wait. At length it began; but the cloudy weather preventing it from producing a grand effect, they began to hiss with great tumult, not finding the show equal to their expectation."

Anecdote of Garrick and the king of England.

During the year 1778 their majesties in reviewing the summer encampments visited Winchester, and honoured the college with their presence. Dr. Warton's house was filled at that time with men of high and acknowledged talents, among whom were lord Palmerston, sir Joshua Reynolds, Messrs. Stanley, J. Warton and Garrick. To the last a very whimsical accident occurred. The horse that carried him to the review, on his casually alighting, by some means got loose and ran away. In this dilemma, assuming the attitude of *Richard* he exclaimed amidst the astonished soldiers, "a horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse," which reaching the king's ears, his majesty said, "these must be the tones of Garrick: see if he is not on the ground."

Mr. Garrick was consequently found and presented to his majesty, who paid him some very handsome compliments, assuring him that his delivery of Shakspeare could never pass undiscovered.

A Frenchman, an emigré, at a tea party, did not immediately observe the custom usually practised, of leaving the spoon in the cup when no more of this enlivening beverage was desirable; the lady who did the honours of the table, imagining he was very fond of tea, sent him cup after cup, until he had quaffed above a dozen, which he with the politeness of his country could not refuse. At length, however, seeing the servant approach again, he arose, exclaiming, "Hélas! madame, j'en ai bu quatorze, et je n'en puis plus."

IN 1751, a new comedy appeared on the French stage, called *Le Fat*, or *The Coxcomb*, which character not being well drawn, the comedy was condemned. The wit Piren, speaking of this condemnation, said—"It is just what I expected. A man is never so well acquainted with himself as to draw his own character."

It was the custom in France for the king to command the comedians to play before the court, when held at Versailles, Fontainebleau, or any other place. This command arrived on a day when the tragedy of *Mithridate*, by Racine, had been announced, and the best actors were obliged to perform at Versailles. When those who remained appeared on the stage at Paris, the hissing was so great that they were obliged to retire. Not being able to give another piece, they were generally inclined to dismiss the house, and return the money, *Le Grande* excepted, who had an utter aversion to this expedient. "No, no, my friends," said he, "the house is a good one, and must not be dismissed: only suffer me to address the audience." Accordingly he came on the stage with a very humble air, dressed for his part, approached the lamps, and with a grievous countenance thus addressed the pit: "Ladies and gentlemen, our best performers, Messrs. Beaubourg, Pouteuil, and Baron, and Mademoiselle Du Clos, have been obliged to go and appear before their majesties: we assure

you we are sorry from our hearts not to have as much merit as they have, for it would give us still more pleasure than it would give you. We must either have shut up the theatre, or must now perform this tragedy. We honestly confess it will be performed by the worst of actors: nor can you well conceive how bad; for, since I am sent here to speak the truth, I am obliged to own that I play the part of Mithridates myself." A burst of laughter prevailed through the whole house, and the actors were willingly suffered to proceed.

It has not been customary for periodical publications to acquaint the world with the exits and entrances of their critics. The avowal of such mutabilities has been thought derogatory to the unchangeable dignity of a critical tribunal, and *Sylvanus Urban* and the *Monthly Reviewers* have been endeavouring to persuade us of their immortality for upwards of a hundred years.— But the swarm of critics, to which the present general diffusion of literature has given birth, has tended not a little to devest the public of that awe, with which their writings used to be contemplated; and criticism is now regarded rather as the opinion of an individual than as the decision of a multitude; rather as the advice of a counsel than as the judgment of a court. Criticism, such as this, is much more serviceable to literature, much more creditable to modesty, and even more likely to be just and impartial, than that of the most dignified "we" that ever grew great in his own obscurity, or that ever knew how to apply in a different sense that allusion of DRYDEN,—

" Mists that rise against the sun
Make it but greater seem, not greater grow."

SONG.

When cross th' Atlantic's roaring wave
I pass from Ellen far away,
How shall this beating bosom brave
The mem'ry of a softer day.

As in these lovely shades I sigh,
And watch the tear of Ellen's eye?

My sterner heart could once delight
In scenes of danger and of storm;
And in my country's cause to fight,
Could all my proudest wishes warm;
But now no charm can joy supply,
Save the sweet smile of Ellen's eye?

As fades dear Albion's chalky shore
Before my sorrow-clouded view,
What magic spell can e'er restore
Hours that with dove-wing'd motion flew?
Breezes that into music die
Can ne'er with Ellen's whispers vie.

By Susquehana's distant stream,
Or wild Ohio's waters lone,
How sad to waken from the dream
Of tender pleasures that are flown.
Then 'twill unman my soul to spy
Through Fancy's beams fair Ellen's eye.

In absence be the lovely maid
True to her Edmund's plighted vow,
And in the forest's peaceful shade
On him a daily thought bestow,
'Till on his distant obsequy
Fall the blest tear from Ellen's eye!

Alas! and shall on shores remote
This sad yet kindling breast expire,
With none to pour the funeral note,
Of those that rais'd its former fire?
In savage lands his bones must lie,
Far from his long-lov'd Ellen's eye!

WHEN Mrs. Didier, so long and so justly a favourite of the Bath Theatre, after a service of forty years, was about to retire from the stage, and enjoy in retirement the fruits of her long labours: the following excellent address composed by Mr. Meyler, author of the prologue spoken by Mr. Brunton on his daughter's first appearance at Bath, was delivered on the occasion.

*Mrs. Didier's farewell address, spoken at the Bath Theatre,
February 17, 1807.*

Can none remember, nay, I know all must,
When the great Siddons gave her reasons just
For quitting those, whose approbation drew
Her wond'rous merits first to public view.
Three reasons only, could that prop unfix,
Whilst dame Didier, alas! has *sixty-six*;
Look in my face, and there too plain appears,
Th' unerring mark of *six and sixty* years.
My reasons are not little girls and boys,
Their doating parent's anxious cares and joys,
But twelve long months (of good deeds and of crimes)
Repeated over *six and sixty* times!
Though I might boast that many a comic brother
Has of this theatre long hail'd me—*mother*!
Nay, whilst we've Garricks infantile and raw,
I may be term'd this stage's—grand-mama.

Twice twenty years ago my lot was cast—
Here should my scenes of future life be past;
And, 'tis with pride and gratitude I own,
A happier fortune few have ever known.

When first you saw me, by your partial aid,
The romping girls—pert chambermaids I play'd;
And oft—transform'd by elegant attire—
Begg'd you her court-bred ladyship admire!
Ah! then my vanity would not refuse
The highest efforts of the comic muse—
Your *Townlys*, *Teazels*, *Rosalindes* so gay,
I had presumption, gentle friends to play,
But ne'er did *this* ambition reach my heart,
I never squinted through a tragic part.

'Tis "long experience only makes us sage"—
 By that we find our level on the stage;
 In homely parts, with simple Nature's aims,
Ashfield, and other rusticated dames,
 Aunt Heidelbergs, and matrons in brocades;
 Your *Malaprops* and antiquated maids,
 My *forte* I struck on—and, with exultation,
 Your laugh I construed into approbation.

A few more years, should health continue still,
 This humble sphere I yet, perhaps, might fill;
 But "blest retirement, friend to life's decline,"
 Bids me my labours and their fruits resign:
 Content with pittance early toil has made,
 The frugal savings of your gen'rous aid.
 Deem not my heart insensible or cold,
 That I no cambric handkerchief unfold;
 With bosom throbbing, and with fault'ring speech,
 Your kind indulgence for this step beseech—
 This face I ne'er the form of wo could teach—
 Nor, do I think with arrogance and pride,
 That this my place can never be supplied!
I am pleased to leave you thus brimful of glee,
You must be pleased, your bounty makes me free.
 My worthy managers, whose gentle sway
 Made forty winters one bright holiday,
 Must too be pleased that an old servant goes
 From anxious toiling to her eve's repose;
 And, with her faithful mate, can thus retire,
 Where, thrift has pil'd, and leisure trims their fire;
 Where life's rude cares no more may intervene,
 To mar their STUDIES for *another scene*.

A Margate Advertisement

Of an ass-hirer, whose donkies are alternately employed by ladies and smugglers.

Asses here to let! for all purposes right,
 To bear *angels* by day, and *spirits* by night."

J. B.

ODE ON THE MORNING.

Child of the light, fair Morning hour,
Who smilest o'er yon purple hill,
I come to woo thy cheering power
Beside this murmuring rill.
Nor I alone: a thousand songsters rise
To meet thy dawning, and thy sweets to share,
While ev'ry flower that scents the honied air,
Thy milder influence feels, and shows the brightest dies.

And let me hear some village swain
Whistle in rustic glee along,
Or share some true love's tender pain,
Breath'd from the milk-maid's song.
Wild are those notes, but sweeter far to me,
Than the soft airs borne from Italian groves,
To which the wanton Muse, and naked Loves,
Strike the light-warbling lyre, and dance in gamesome glee.

And Health, the child of blooming sire,
Shall trip along on nimble feet,
With airy mien, and loose attire,
All on the plain to meet:
Gay-laughing nymph, that loves a morning sky,
That loves to glide across the spangled dews!
And with her finger, dipp'd in brightest hues,
My faint cheek shall she tinge, and cheer my languid eye.

Then will I bless thee, morning hour,
And singing hail the new-born day;
And hasten to Amanda's bower
To steal the sweets of May.
And to my verse Amanda will attend,
And take the posey from the sylvan Muse:
For sure the gen'rous fair will not refuse
The Muse's modest gift, her present to a friend.

THE SECRET.

From morn till noon *Ventoso* on me hung,
 And nimbly plied his never-ceasing tongue :
 Rare news he had ; and secrets told by dozens ;
 How it falls out that brothers' sons are cousins ;
 That some folks, strangely, close their eyes at night ;
 And blind men stumble through their lack of sight ;
 That boys in time grow up to man's estate ;
 And new-dropp'd calves through instinct suck the teat ;
 These wonders he, in confidence made known
 To me, and oft he said, " to me alone."
 Grateful for this, with looks of anxious fear,
 I grasp'd his hand, and whispered in his ear ;
 " These kind disclosures equal frankness claim ;
 " But (on your life, your author never name !)
 " I have a secret too." On tip-toe rais'd,
 With neck out-stretch'd, and open mouth he gaz'd ;
 And with a solemn pledge his promise gave
 To keep the matter silent as the grave.
 Still doubtful whether I could trust the man,
 I paus'd awhile his countenance to scan :
 Then forth with trembling hand, my watch I drew,
 And bade him once again his pledge renew.
 He vow'd : he swore : " What is it ?"—stammering cried,
 " It is, my friend !" I falteringly replied,
 " It is—but like a Christian bear the shock ;—
 " It is—indeed it is, *fast one o'clock !*"

RETROSPECTION.

Ry Henry Francis Greville, Esquire.

Gone by is the time when the sun's closing light
 Witnessed childhood still eager on frolic and play ;
 And e'er morning's beam had saluted the sight,
 Forsaking repose to retrace Pleasure's way.

Gone by is the time, when, no more pleas'd with toys,
 Manhood soared on the pinions of Fancy and Hope;
 Expectation still pointing to unpossessed joys,
 And Confidence scorning with Wisdom to cope.

And ah ! too, gone by is the exquisite grief
 Which invaded my bosom as Truth met my view,
 When first *undecieved*, I renounced the belief
 That Love was ne'er faithless, or Friendship untrue.

But what still remains, and will never go by,
 Even though Winter's frost pours her ice in my veins,
 Is the feeling which constantly moistens my eye,
 As I turn with disgust from Humanity's pains.

As I view in repentance Shame's feverish glow,
 As I hear ineffectual Labour repine,
 As I see Talent silently nourish its wo,
 And Mis'ry, despairing, its last hope resign;

This ne'er will go by; no, this ne'er will decay:
 This feeling God gave when he first gave me breath,
 And when Time shall make other sensations its prey,
This shall cheer, though it hasten my passage to death.

The following portrait of one of the finest old men in Europe, a highland chieftain, now living, is recommended not only by the neatness of the versification, but by the fidelity and truth of the drawing.

MACNAB OF MACNAB.

Mark well that old man, whose fine flowing hair,
 'Neath his bonnet, the west winds in sportiveness fan,
 Majestic his step, and so courteous his air,
 'Tis MACNAB of MACNAB, the head of the clan.

In the true garb of Scotia the chieftain is dress'd,
 Sparkling and black waves the plume o'er his brow,
 His plaid o'er his shoulder, and tartan his vest,
 While his old knees the kelt and the fillabeg show.

Though oft the foul tempest has roar'd o'er his head,
 And the snow-storms of winter have clouded the sky,

Yet the tinge of his cheek is ruddy and red,
And the diamond's fine lustre still shines in his eye.

The chief, should the foes of Great Britain e'er land,
His *claymor** would take, unacquainted with fear;
The *fibrocht*† of Macnab would sound o'er the strand,
And warn all the clan that the foe-men were near.

Full oft may the long year his courses perform,
And with smiles, each return, greet this famous old man,
And ne'er may Misfortune's dark gathering storm
Strike Macnab of Macnab, the chief of the clan.

SCRAPS OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

THE ROCK OF RUBIES AND THE QUARRY OF PEARL.

By Robert Herrick, Anno 1648.

Some ask'd me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say;
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spoke I to my girl,
To part her lips, and show'd them there
The quarelets of pearl.

UPON ROSES.

Under a lawn than skies more clear,
Some ruffled roses nestling were;
And snugging there they seem'd to lie
As in a flowery nunnery.
They blush'd, and look'd more fresh than flowers
Quickened of late by pearly showers;
And all because they were possess'd,
But of the heat of Julia's breast;
Which as a warm, a moistened spring
Gave them their ever flourishing.

* The broadsword.

† The war-pipe.

TO CRITICS.

I'll write, because I'll give
 You critics means to live;
 For should I not supply
 The cause, the effect would die.

On Cooke the player's marriage with Miss Lamb.

To expiate the sins of yore,
 The fool of custom gave his store,
 Perhaps a yew or ram.
 So, to atone for those of wine,
 Repentant grown, at Hymen's shrine
 Cooke offers up a LAMB.

Mr. Cumberland in the interesting memoir of his own life; observes "as Goldsmith in his *Retaliation*, had served up the company at the St. James's Coffeehouse, under the similitude of various sorts of *meat*, I had, in the mean time, figured them under that of *liquors*; which little poem I rather think was printed, but of this I am not sure;" happening to possess a copy of that poetical jeu d'esprit, it is transcribed for insertion in your agreeable mélange.

TO DR. GOLDSMITH,

As a Supplement to his "Retaliation."

Doctor! according to our wishes,
 You've character'd us all in *dishes*;
 Serv'd up a sentimental treat
 Of various emblematic meat:
 And now 'tis time, I trust, you'll think
 Your company should have some *drink*:
 Else, take my word for it, at least,
 Your Irish friends won't like your feast.
 Ring then, and see that there is plac'd
 To each according to his taste.

To *Douglas** fraught with learned stock,
 Of critic lore, give ancient *Hock*:

* Bishop of Salisbury.

Let it be genuine, bright and fine,
 Pure unadulterated wine :
 For if there's fault in taste or odour,
 He'll search it, as he search'd out Lauder.

To *Johnson*, philosophic sage,
 The moral Mentor of the age,
 Religion's friend, with soul sincere,
 With melting heart, but look austere,
 Give liquor of an honest sort,
 And crown his cup with priestly *Port*.

Now fill the glass with gay *Champagne*,
 And frisk it in a livelier strain ;
 Quick ! quick ! the sparkling nectar quaff,
 Drink it, dear Garrick ! drink and laugh !

Pour forth to *Reynolds* without stint,
 Rich *Burgundy* of ruby tint ;
 If e'er his colours chance to fade,
 This brilliant hue shall come in aid,
 With ruddy lights refresh the faces,
 And warm the bosoms of the Graces.

To *Burke* a pure libation bring,
 Fresh drawn from clear *Castalian* spring ;
 With civic oath the goblet bind,
 Fit emblem of his patriot mind ;
 Let *Clio* (as his taster) sip,
 And *Hermes* hand it to his lip.

Fill out my friend the dean of *Derry*,*
 A bumper of conventual *Sherry*.

Give *Ridge* and *Hickey*, generous souls !
 Of whisky punch convivial bowls ;
 But let the kindred *Burkes* regale
 With potent draughts of *Wicklow-ale* ;
 To C——k next, in order turn you,
 And grace him with the vines of *Ferney*.

Now, *Doctor*,† thou'rt an honest sticker,
 So take your glass and choose your liquor,

* Dr. Barnard, the beloved tutor of C. J. Fox, late bishop of Killaloe in Ireland.

† Dr. Goldsmith.

Wilt have it steep'd in Alpine snows,
 Or damask'd at Silenus' nose ?
 With Wakefield's vicar sip your tea,
 Or to Thalia drink with me ?
 And, *Doctor*, I would have you know it,
 An honest I, though humble poet,
 I scorn the sneaker like a toad,
 Who drives his cart the Dover road ;
 There, traitor to his country's trade,
 Smuggles vile scraps of French brocade ;*
 Hence with all such !—for you and I
 By English wares will live and die.
 Come, draw your chair and stir the fire ;—
 Here, boy !—a pot of *Thrale's entire*.

As an example of professor Richardson's talents for composition in rhyme, we give the following passage from his poem, entitled

The comparative effects of ambition and luxury.

Often the wilds, on *Ætna's* swelling side,
 Too soon complying with presumptuous pride,
 By fires unseen that underneath them glow,
 The blooms of summer prematurely blow ;
 Nor wait till spring, with showers and gentle gales,
 Restore soft verdure to the hills and dales.
 The wandering peasant with amazement, views
 The glade adorn'd with unexpected hues :
 The genius of the gay retreat reverts ;
 With holy awe the grassy altar rears ;
 Pours out libations ; offers fruits and flowers ;
 And seeks repose in the devoted bowers.
 Unwary stranger ! the foundations shake !
 The prisoned fires from bursting caverns break !
 The mountain bellows ; pitchy columns rise :
 And lightnings flash ; and flames assail the skies ;
 Sicania labours with convulsive throes ;
 The mountain yawns ; the molten torrent flows,

* In allusion to dramatic translations from the French.

Pours down a fiery deluge, and devours
 The blazing forest, and devoted bowers.
 The bowers of Pleasure perish e'en like these,
 While ruin desolates the vale of Ease,
 Gnashes his iron teeth, flings to the ground
 The goblet with the festal garland crown'd;
 Scatters the screaming bevy, headlong guides
 The fiery progress of sulphureous tides,
 And with a giant arm, tears from the sky
 The gaudy ensign of licentious joy.
 That ensign, streaming to the wanton air,
 Adorn'd with emblems and devices rare,
 Of promis'd rapture, emblems of deceit,
 Lur'd many a stranger to the impure retreat,
 E'en to the mazes of that impious glade,
 Lur'd, and to bitterness of soul betrayed.

 THE EXILE.

The new melo-dramatic opera of the Exile, which accompanies this number, is another instance of the wonderful fertility of Mr. Reynolds's muse. It is extremely interesting, and though replete with improbabilities, is unquestionably one of the most pleasing dramas that has appeared for some time. A London critic, on whose judgment we place the greatest reliance, speaks in terms of great praise. "The language," says he, "is of a higher order than has generally prevailed in Mr. Reynolds's serious dialogue, and the whole piece is put together in a most masterly manner. The comic business is slight, but it is sufficient to relieve the weightier scenes, and with the assistance of some good comic songs and duets, affords ample room for the exertions of the comedians. The songs of *Servitz* are exceedingly happy; they have Colman's stamp upon them."

With this opinion the other critics and reviewers are nearly unanimous in concurrence. Of the grandeur of the procession to the coronation of the empress Elizabeth, and of the magnificence of that ceremony, so much is related in the critical journals, that knowing as we do the spirit and judgment of our managers, and the skill and ingenuity of their scene-designer and machinist, Robbins, we venture to predict that the Exile will, whenever it shall be exhibited, afford the public one of the most delightful repasts they have enjoyed since the theatre was erected.